THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

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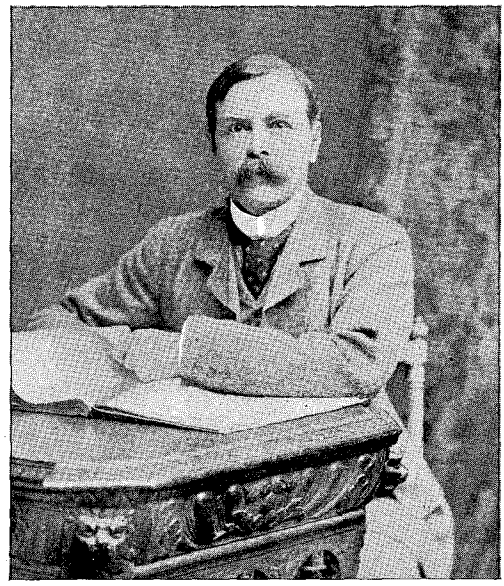
NEWS NOTES.

From Mr. R. H. Sherard's interview with Mr. Stanley Weyman in the *Idler*, we learn that "the Dumas of the hour" was born on August 7th, 1855, in the house in Broad Street, Ludlow, where he still lives with his mother and sister. His father was the principal solicitor in the town, and he himself was called to the Bar in 1881. "My very first brief of all was for the defendant in a case about a tailor's bill in the Westminster County Court. For the plaintiff was Charles Dickens, the son of the novelist. I lost the case." Four years ago he left the Bar and came back to Ludlow to live with his people at the age of thirty-five—as he puts it, "a complete failure." During all that time, however, he was trying hard to eke out an insufficient income by contributing sketches to various papers. He wrote short stories for the magazines, but failed, until one day there came into his hands Anstey's tale, *The Black Poodle*, about which everybody was talking. He read and re-read it until he came to the conclusion that its captivation lay in the fact of the extreme carefulness of its workmanship. Thereupon he followed suit, and elaborated and polished a story which he wrote and called *King Pippin and Sweet Clive*. He sent this to the *Cornhill* and received a warm approval and the encouragement to write from its editor, Mr. James Payn. At his instigation he wrote a novel of modern life which was a lamentable failure, except that he has since used the title again, *The New Rector*, and is now writing another story on the back of the pages of the manuscript.

❀

History had always fascinated him, and among the first things he did after his retirement was a study on "Oliver Cromwell's Kinsfolk," which appeared in the *Historical Review*, and called forth an interesting letter from Mr. Frederic Harrison. *The House of the Wolf*, upon



Stanley J. Weyman

which he spent infinite labour, was the book, however, which turned the tide, although his real success began with *A Gentleman of France*, upon which he bestowed, in almost feverish anxiety, a whole year of unremitting labour. These two stories he attributes to a mere accident which led him to observe a copy of Professor Baird's *History of the Huguenots;* and Weyman is profuse in his acknowledgments to Baird, whose book, he says, put him in the right direction at last. In matters of detail or of stage properties, he invents the costumes in which his characters parade,

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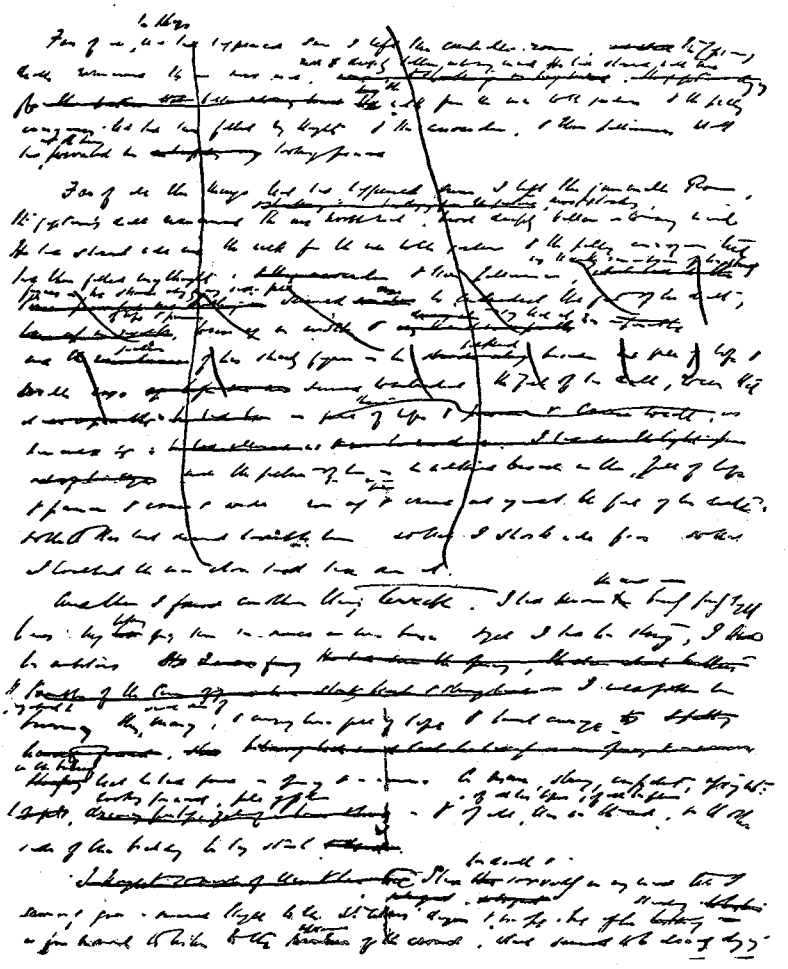
and for information on the technicalities of fencing he has been indebted to Castle's excellent *Schools and Masters of Fence from the Middle Ages to the Eighteenth Century*. *Under the Red Robe* was completed in thirteen weeks, yet, now that he might allow himself to do slovenly work, he is more careful than ever, as the page of manuscript in facsimile herewith reproduced will show. Especially does he spend time and labour over his proofs. As soon as he has got through the work now before him—the most important thing on the stocks being his new book, entitled *The Red Cockade*, which is appearing serially in Mr. Jerome's *To-day*—he intends going away for a whole year's rest.

❀

Mr. Weyman gave evidence of his literary predilections when as a child he read *Little Arthur's History of England* in preference to his toy-books. The next book which enthralled him so that he read and re-read it, taking it to bed with him, was the marvellous *Jane Eyre ;* and at the age of eleven he was bribed by his father to read Macaulay's *History* at the rate of sixpence a volume, although he hardly needed the stimulus of the bribe. "Together with Macaulay, I read *Ivanhoe*. I was fond of Scott at the time, and am so still, though there are some of his books—as, for instance, *Count Robert of Paris*—which I cannot and never could read. On the other hand, I can re-read *Quentin Durward* with the most complete satisfaction." At the age of fifteen he went to Shrewsbury School, where *Hypatia* and *Adam Bede* were his favourite books. In the matter of poets, he prefers Dryden and Pope—the poets of the days of the rapier and peruke. On his bookshelf stand Byron, Horace, Bacon's Essays, Pope, and the Fairy Tales of the Countess d'Aulnoy.



FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF MS. OF "THE RED COCKADE."

❀

An esteemed correspondent begs leave to inform us, apropos of a recent note in THE BOOKMAN, that in the *Century Dictionary of Names* Mr. Weyman's name is pronounced "Wayman." In reply we beg to inform our esteemed correspondent that the *Century Dictionary of Names* is wrong.

❀

We understand that Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of

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Robert Louis Stevenson need not be expected for two years. A volume of his correspondence will, however, appear in the autumn. Mr. Charles Baxter, who so long acted as Mr. Stevenson's literary representative, is making arrangements for the publication of the manuscripts he has left behind. We believe all, or nearly all, will appear in serial form before they are issued as books.

❀

The portrait of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes), which appeared in THE BOOKMAN for May, has been so much admired that we reproduce in the present number a fine pencil sketch of the same lady, lately drawn from life by Walter Spindler. Both portraits are extremely attractive, the former one, however, suggesting the creator of Allegra, and the latter the delineator and analyst of Anne Passer. The former will, we fancy, please the greater number of Mrs. Craigie's admirers. Readers of Mrs. Craigie's books are at present commenting on the announcement lately telegraphed from London of her divorce. It is, in fact, hinted that her husband suggested to her some of the traits of Algernon Dane in her latest novel.

❀

Lucas Malet's new novel is entitled *The Power of the Dog*. It is the story of a man who believed himself to be haunted by a dog. Messrs. Methuen will be the publishers.

❀

It is understood that Miss Edna Lyall's new story will deal with the subject of divorce. It was to appear in serial form in the next volume of *Good Words*, but on account of her illness the work will not be ready in time. Miss Montrésor, whose strong story *Into the Highways and Hedges* has met with such a flattering reception for a first novel, will, we understand, take Miss Edna Lyall's place.

❀

Two neat phrases are flitting about the literary world. The first is due to Mr. Zangwill, who lately spoke of a number of contemporaneous writers as "falling into the sere and *Yellow Book*." The second is attributed by an essayist in *Blackwood's* to an anonymous and probably imaginary friend who classified decadent literature as of three kinds—"erotic, neurotic, and tommy-rotic."

❀

The Messrs. Harper have in press a new volume of essays by Mr. Laurence Hutton as an addition to their American Essayists Series. It is largely made up of papers contributed by Mr. Hutton to *Harper's Weekly*.

❀

We have not made any comment on the recent knighting of Messrs. Henry

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Irving, Lewis Morris, and Walter Besant, because our able contemporaries have saved us the trouble. Amid the diversity of views one single opinion stands out conspicuous and universal, to the effect that the last-named gentleman should have had the discretion to decline the honour, and thus spare the inevitable comparison with another and a greater Sir Walter, the stopper of whose ink-bottle he is unworthy to unloose.

A TRUE AND NOBLE KNIGHT.
From the London Sketch.

The present Sir Walter was, of course, promptly dined by his literary brethren, and took that occasion to speak with much complacency of his honour as the first of the kind ever bestowed in recognition of literary achievement. Such trifling instances as those of Scott, the baronet, and Tennyson, the peer, were, of course, too insignificant to be recalled by a newly fledged knight.

❀

It has been suggested that among many distinguished men of letters yet to be honoured, it might have restored the apparently waning popularity of the late Premier in Scotland if Mr. Barrie had become Baron Thrums, and if "the Crockett Minister" and "Ian Maclaren" had been created K. K., or Knight of the Kailyard. Medical novelists, with Dr. Conan Doyle at their head, might revive the good old literary title of Knight of the Burning Pestle. Mr. Pinero would take rank as the first Lord Tanqueray; and other distinguished dramatists could furnish a run of a hundred knights.

❀

The writer of a letter which lately appeared in the columns of the *Sun* ascribes to Captain Mahan the expression, "The man behind the gun is everything." As this saying seems likely to become historic, and as it has already been much quoted and made the subject of a poem in *Punch*, it is just as well to have it credited to its real author, who is not Captain Mahan, but Rear-Admiral Erben, who used it in responding to a toast at a banquet given to himself and the officers of the *Chicago* in London last year. As a matter of fact, while Captain Mahan was greatly lionised and *fêted* when in England, his superior officer carried off all the honours as an after-dinner speaker, having a bluff, breezy style of oratory that took the fancy of the English immensely, smacking as it did of the salt alike of the ocean and of Attica.

❀

This is the pessimistic conclusion at which Mr. Howells has arrived as set forth in his latest book: "I have found that literature gives one no certain station in the world of men's activities, either idle or useful. We literary folk try to believe that it does, but that is all nonsense. At every period of life among boys and men we are accepted when they are at leisure and want to be amused; and at best we are tolerated rather than accepted."

❀

Reports as to Mr. Du Maurier's new novel are beginning to come across the Atlantic. We are told that the book is to be called *The Martians*, and that it is to deal with school life in France, with some further glimpses of the Quartier Latin. Mr. Du Maurier is not going to lecture in America. His health does not permit of his accepting the proposals made to him. He is said to be in receipt of $700 a week as his share of the profits on the play of *Trilby*.

❀

Mr. Walter Raymond, author of *Love*

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and Quiet Life, will contribute a short serial story to *Good Words* during next year.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just published a new story by Max Pemberton, author of *The Impregnable City*, entitled *The Little Huguenot*, an historical romance of the Forest of Fontainebleau. The same firm will publish Mr. William Tirebuck's new novel, *Miss Grace of All Souls*, in the autumn. Mr. Tirebuck has a series of "Tales from the Welsh Hills" running at present through English, Welsh, and Scotch papers. A cheap edition of his Welsh story, *Sweetheart Gwen*, has just been issued in the Longmans' Paper Library. Some facts of interest concerning Mr. Tirebuck and his forthcoming novel will be found on page 150 of the third number of THE BOOKMAN.

❀

A translation of Max Nordau's *Conventional Lies of our Civilisation* is announced for publication in August.

❀

As we predicted some time ago, Max Nordau's *Degeneration* has held of late a good place in the lists of the best selling books. Those of us who are more than thirty years of age can remember how Barnum's old Museum in this city contained a large hall that was always spoken of as the "Lecture Room." As a matter of fact it was a theatre and one in which the plays were of the most blood curdling type of melodrama; but many very pious people, whose training had taught them to regard the theatre as an antechamber of Satan, used to visit the "Lecture Room" with an undisturbed conscience. Such is the power of a name. In like manner, unsuspecting souls and souls not quite so unsuspecting but who would never by any possibility purchase a copy of *Ghosts* or *Nana*, or *A Rebours*, are reading with great gusto Nordau's elaborate citations and explanations of all that is most revolting in these and other similar works; and they feel that this reading is most salutary because the quotations are accompanied by a moral antiseptic in the way of denunciation. There is not a doubt, in our mind, however, that infinite harm is being done by the book, in that it brings to many persons a knowledge of certain things whose very existence was quite unsuspected heretofore.

This propagation of pornography in the guise of science is seen also in the extraordinary circulation of a work by Dr. von Krafft-Ebing of Vienna, a year or two ago. This book deals with a mass of facts that are generally familiar to medical specialists alone, and the knowledge of which ought to be confined to them exclusively; but when published in this country in an English translation, it reached a sale of thousands of copies, and fell into the hands of the general reader, so that the moral harm done by it has been simply incalculable.

❀

M. Léon Daudet, who is sharing with his father the joys of London, is now known far and wide by his powerful *exposé* of the Parisian medical clinique.

M. LÉON DAUDET.

To an interviewer who inquired whether *Les Morticoles* was not an attack on the French medical world, he replied: "Those who either thought or said that made a great mistake. *Les Morticoles* was, in reality, an essay against Positivism and modern science, and not an attack upon any class of workers. I used the medical world as a background partly, because I knew a great deal about it, and also because the evils brought about by science are more apparent there than in most other centres of modern life. Within a few days of

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its publication, I received between four and five hundred anonymous letters, full of frightful abuse. A great deal of what I described was absolutely true to life. Listen! I should have liked to place as preface to *Les Morticoles* an engraving of Hogarth's striking picture, 'The Reward of Cruelty.'"

❀

"I admit," continued M. Daudet, "that I have always wished rather to express ideas and expand theories than to tell a story. My first book, *Germes et Poussière*, was distinctly philosophical. In *L'Astre Noir*, I attempted to trace the career of a great man surrounded by a flock of disciples; but now I am writing a serial, which is coming out in the *Nouvelle Revue*, and which deals entirely with modern life; my first plunge—I speak in a literary sense—into Parisian society. The story, which is called *Les Kamtchatka*, is really a strong satire against the more affected schools of modern French literature."

❀

M. Léon Daudet, speaking of his profession, said: "There is no nobler existence to be led than one passed in healing or alleviating suffering; but, on the other hand, nowhere will you find more charlatans than in the medical profession." He is now busily occupied on a book to be called *Le Voyage de Shakspeare*, in which he describes a journey made by the Bard of Avon to several of the places which he later immortalised in his dramas. M. Daudet himself went last winter, step by step, along the journey which he makes Shakespeare go. He confesses himself an ardent Shakespearian student, especially of "Hamlet," which character, he says, absolutely fascinates him. He takes Goethe's view of the Prince laid down in *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*—namely, that Hamlet was not equal to the task he set for himself.

❀

Mr. George Moore's novel, *A Mummer's Wife*, has at last been reprinted in this country.

❀

Last month, by what the late Richard Grant White would have called a heterophemy, we inadvertently spoke of Besant's *Children of Gibeon*, having in mind, however, Zangwill's *Children of the Ghetto*. The context made our intention sufficiently clear; but the slip brought us at once a most amusing letter from a valued reader, beginning as follows: "With mild whoops of delight and a skipping as of the feet of young lambs (but are not all lambs young?), let me point out that my favourite BOOKMAN has stumbled upon an error." Whereupon he proceeds to point the error out. We bow our neck meekly in the presence of the avenger; but, really, it will be a temptation hereafter to make an occasional *lapsus calami* on purpose, in the hope of extracting more letters such as this, for which we hereby return our acknowledgments with a suppressed editorial chuckle.

❀

We are glad to see Mrs. Graham's *Stories of the Foothills* meeting with just appreciation from many quarters in the literary newspapers. It will be recalled that Miss Beatrice Harraden spoke highly of them in her chapter of impressions last month, but perhaps the most serious and discriminating review we have yet seen of this little cluster of stories appeared in the *Critic* of June 15th.

❀

Mrs. Graham's title, by the way, suffers by a slip in the caption to this review in being called *Tales of the Foothills*. This is not so bad, however, as the designation it received in the pages of our English contemporary, in which it was styled *Sorrows of the Foothills*.

❀

Miss Harraden has just completed another Californian story. She expects to come East in September, but will not remain long in New York, as she is anxious when she starts to get home to London and work. "If I stayed out here much longer," she writes, "I should end by wanting to plant lemon trees and grow roses, and to do nothing else."

❀

So far *Munsey's Magazine* has failed to prove that cheapness is compatible in a magazine of its kind with reliability and thorough competency. To some of us, perhaps, the paragraphs appearing under "The Publisher's Desk" afford most amusement. "We are in earnest in our purpose of giving a better trend to American fiction," says the Publisher in the July number. We wish to suggest that he direct his zeal to other de-

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partments of letters in his magazine. In "England's New Writers," by no means an uninteresting though belated subject, an article has been written, with accompanying portraits, which for inaccuracies and inadequacy and for its snippety form and slipshod style —commend us to a sensational newspaper.

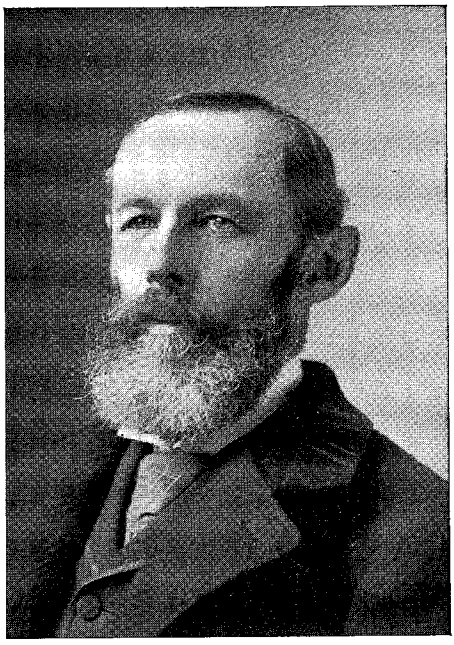
❀

But our object is not simply to state an obvious fact—it is much more serious. When it comes to openly maligning and falsifying an author's character we feel called upon to protest. What the writer of this article says about the poet William Watson approaches perilously near to libel. Some curious blunder is at work in the following paragraph which *Munsey's* ought to set right. Coupling him with Francis Thompson as "two erratic characters," who "remind us of tales of the early French poets, of the Bohemia of Alfred de Musset," and who "were brought up from the depths by curious accidents," he goes on to say:

"He lived in holes and corners; he starved; he walked the London streets. It is a story of yesterdays. Then one day something gave way in his brain, and he lost consciousness of his own acts. He stopped in the park and accosted a royal personage. He was hustled away by the police, and his past was looked into. It was found that he was insane and—a poet. Friends were ready to care for him then; publishers asked for his verse. He was sent to the Lake country and made happy."

❀

Mr. Watson lived in Liverpool with his parents until 1888, when his father died, after which he brought his mother to London, where he has since had his permanent home. He was one of the early band of young writers in Liverpool which included Hall Caine, Richard Le Gallienne, James Ashcroft Noble, William Tirebuck, and others. He was known to the littérateurs in London long before his temporary mental aberration as a contributor of prose as well as of poetry to the *Spectator*, the *Academy*, and other first-class literary periodicals. Mr. R. H. Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*, has been one of his oldest and most loyal friends. So far from living in the slums and like a Bohemian, he comes of a good family, and one whose means would have enabled him to live in affluence even had he not been able to support himself by his literary work. Much more might be said by one who has known him all his life; but these meagre facts will suffice to refute the egregious statement referred to. We shall be pleased to see what explanation *Munsey's* has to offer.



WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

In reading Mr. Shelton's war stories included in the volume recently published by the Messrs. Scribner (see *A Man Without a Memory*, in Novel Notes), one is made aware that their realism is more than verisimilitude. Mr. Shelton was "caught young" when he entered the Federal army and marched forth to the tune of "Marching through Georgia." Seven out of the nine stories in the collection are moulded from material gathered during his term of service; and the last in the volume, which appeared in the *Century Magazine* under the title "A Hard Road to Travel Out of Dixie," is the record of an actual experience. Mr. Shelton is an artist as well as a writer and an old soldier, and his well-knit figure—he is about fifty years old—is familiar to New Yorkers, and may be frequently seen in the rooms of the Salmagundi.

❀

Mr. J. M. Barrie will shortly take up his permanent residence in a house near Gloucester Road Station, London. The

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publication of Mr. Barrie's story will commence in *Scribner's Magazine* in January next, and it will appear in book form in October, 1896. *Sentimental Tommy*, the title of Mr. Barrie's new novel, is said to be a most wonderful study of child life. Its appearance—so we are told by an eminent critic who has read the manuscript—will make a new reputation for its author in the world of fiction.

❀

It is not generally known that Mr. Barrie finished this novel a year ago, but could not be persuaded to let it go into the publisher's hands until he was satisfied that he had done his best with it. "And how much do you think you have improved or altered it during that time?" he was asked. "About one per cent," was the reply. "Writing," he once said to the writer, "is all a pursuit of that which we can never seize; but we can go on pursuing—all work is that."

❀

Mr. James Lane Allen, who has been in New York during the last few weeks, wishes us to correct the statement made in an article concerning him in the June BOOKMAN anent the appearance of his new story, *Butterflies*, in *Harper's*. No announcement has yet been made in regard to its serial publication.

❀

A recent sale of authors' autographs in New York gives one a very excellent clue to the relative popularity of many of the best-known English and American writers. For autographs of authors now dead, the following prices were paid: Constance Fenimore Woolson, 15 cents; Fanny Fern, 20 cents; Anthony Trollope, 25 cents; James Parton, 25 cents; Helen Hunt Jackson, 30 cents; Phillips Brooks, 35 cents; Mayne Reid, 35 cents; Edmund Yates, 50 cents; Miss L. M. Alcott, 63 cents; Wilkie Collins, 65 cents; Miss Mulock, 75 cents; Bayard Taylor, 75 cents; G. W. Curtis, 75 cents; William Cullen Bryant, 85 cents; Charles Reade, 95 cents; J. G. Whittier, $1.25; Oliver Wendell Holmes, $2.05; Longfellow, $3.00; J. R. Lowell, $3.00; Ralph Waldo Emerson, $3.00; Artemus Ward, $4.25; Robert Browning, $5.00; Dickens, $17.00 for two letters.

❀

Autographs of living English authors sold as follows: Rider Haggard, 40 cents; William Black, 43 cents; Walter Besant, 53 cents; Thomas Hughes, 55 cents; Austin Dobson, 70 cents; Thomas Hardy, $1.00; Du Maurier, four letters for $2.00; J. M. Whistler, $3.13.

❀

American authors (who were more numerously represented than English) sold as follows: Charles Dudley Warner, 25 cents; E. C. Stedman, 30 cents; Edward Bellamy, 30 cents; Mrs. Burnett, 40 cents; R. H. Stoddard, 40 cents; Henry James, 40 cents; George W. Cable, 50 cents; W. D. Howells, 52 cents; William Winter, 55 cents; Mrs. Stowe, 55 cents; Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 55 cents; Mark Twain, 75 cents; Bret Harte, 80 cents; Henry M. Stanley, $1.00; Joseph Jefferson, $1.10; Donald G. Mitchell, $1.15. It is evident that some of these prices were based less upon the celebrity of the author than upon the scarcity of his autograph. The lowest prices received were for the autographs of Mrs. Harriett P. Spofford, 4 cents; James Payne, 5 cents; James Bryce, 11 cents; Mrs. Ritchie, 17 cents; Mr. Anstey, 20 cents. Outside of authors' autographs there were sold autographs of Lawrence Barrett, 60 cents; Ellen Terry, 65 cents; Henry Irving, 75 cents; Taglioni, $1.00; William Warren, the actor, $1.25; and Mary Anderson, $1.38.

❀

"Elizabeth Hastings," the author of that clever satire, *An Experiment in Altruism*, turns out to be Miss Margaret Sherwood, a young instructor in Wellesley College. Although Miss Sherwood is described by a reviewer in the last BOOKMAN as an "outsider," she has not only been a visitor for the Associated Charities, but counts among her most valued friends leaders in the Settlement movement. Miss Sherwood's keen sense of humour has, however, kept her firm to her conviction of the "Modesty of Truth," in spite of her real sympathy with the New Philanthropy.

❀

Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, of Nova Scotia, has just finished a short popular *History of Canada*, on which he has been occupied for two years past.

❀

The Critic Company has published in a neat paper-covered brochure all

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the matter of more or less importance pertaining to *Trilby* which the subject perambulating through the pages of successive *Critics* gathered, like a rolling snowball, while the novel was in the height of favour. *Trilbyana*, as it is called, is a fitting close to the *Trilby* craze, and while it is worth getting, and not to be likened to the extravaganzas which have been foisted on a too gullible public, we may hope that this will be accepted as a final decorative tail-piece.

❀

We have received the first number of *The Philistine: A Periodical of Protest*, apparently edited in Cambridge, Mass., and published in East Aurora, N. Y. It is of the *Chap-Book* and *Chips* order of literature. It hardly lives up to its name, as the word Philistine is generally understood, for it goes on to define Philistinism as attacking pretty nearly everything that Matthew Arnold included in the name. It actually enrolls among supposed Philistines Thackeray, Tolstoy, and Ibsen! However, there is a good deal that is really Philistine, in the common acceptation of the term, as in having an article by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, and in poking unlimited fun at Mr. Howells, Mr. Bok, and especially Bliss Carman, whom it styles "Joy Trolleyman." This last scintillation will give, perhaps, as fair an idea of its quality as anything can. Its verses are, however, unusually good.

❀

It is not more than six weeks since Mr. Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn* was published, yet the Messrs. Scribner have had to issue a third edition to meet the demand. Thirteen thousand copies have been sold within this short time.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day are soon to issue, simultaneously with Mr. John Lane, of London, a new edition of Mrs. Meynell's poems. These will combine not only the contents of the first edition, which is now out of print, but also later poems. Mrs. Meynell's work, to which reference was made in our last London Letter, is for the few, subtle in emotion and exquisite in workmanship.

❀

Mr. I. Zangwill, whose new novel, *The Master*, is reviewed on another page, began life as a teacher in a London school. He was sometime editor of a now defunct humorous periodical called *Ariel*, and he wrote in collaboration *The Premier and the Painter*. Two of his books, *Children of the Ghetto* and *The King of the Schnorrers*, brought him pronounced success. A new American edition of the former, which is as yet his best work, was published by the Messrs.

I. ZANGWILL.

Macmillan a few weeks ago. He writes a *causerie* under the caption "Without Prejudice" in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and which appears in the *Critic* as "Men, Women, and Books," in a vein of delightful egoism, sometimes marred, however, by a habit of clever posing or affectation. He is said to have dramatic ambitions, confirmed to some extent by his *Six Persons*, which appeared on the Haymarket stage, London, on which he also appeared as an actor in the copyright performance of Mr. Hall Caine's *The Mahdi*.

❀

From *The Ruskin Reader*, consisting of passages culled from the works of Mr. John Ruskin, and trotted out to do duty as a school book, we take this delicious note (and, by the way, Mr. Collingwood, the editor, prays, in his preface, "for the

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impertinence of notes, pardon") : "Mrs. Gamp in Dickens's *David Copperfield;* Heep in *Oliver Twist;* Quilp in *Nicholas Nickleby;* Chadband in *Martin Chuzzlewit*"!!!

❀

Henryk Sienkiewicz, whose new Polish novel, *Children of the Soil*, is reviewed on another page, was born in Lithuania in 1845. He studied at Warsaw and spent some of his early years in California, and it was his descriptive articles on the "Far West," published in Poland, which won for him the first recognition among his countrymen. The results of his extensive travels the world over are reflected in the strong love of nature, the deep reverence and tolerance of his religious spirit, and the cosmopolitan sympathies, together with the fervent passion of patriotism, all fused in the solvent of his strong and vivid imagination. Although one of the most prolific writers of the day, only half-a-dozen volumes of his remarkable works are accessible in English, the novel just issued by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company (the publishers of his previous volumes) making the seventh. Few translators have done the reading English world a greater service than has Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, not only by introducing us to the virile Polish novelist, but in bringing to a congenial task a ripe scholarship and a mastery of the literary art which are rare among those of his craft.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

❀

The Viol of Love, a volume of poems by Charles Newton Robinson, to be published soon by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, in conjunction with Mr. John Lane, of London, contains some exquisite verse, of which we are permitted to quote this specimen entitled "Love Unuttered :"

My life reveals my love ;
Thereof my soul is proud !
My life reveals my love ;
Yet vaunts it not aloud !

For one alone there lives,
My heart's interpreter :
The silence of my soul
Is musical to her.

❀

Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, of Boston, who, by the way, have opened a New York office in the Life Building, have some noteworthy books in preparation, which will appear immediately. Dr. Hale's *My Double and How He Undid Me*, which had a large sale on its first appearance about thirty years ago, is to be re-issued by them with a new preface and a vignette frontispiece of the author. They have imported the original French edition of Ongania's *L'Arte Della Stampa*, which contains a profusion of illustrations and examples of the various styles of type in use in Venice in the fifteenth century. They offer this at the low price of $5.50. *Two Modern Phases*, comprising "A Literary Farce," read some weeks ago in New York by the Comtesse di Brazzá, commented upon by the press at the time, and a story by the same lady will appear shortly ; also a volume of poems by E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake), the American Indian princess. John Lane, of London, will publish the English edition of the latter.

❀

The college commencement season is now at an end, and innumerable young men and women are wondering what they shall do next. The present writer has found no slight amusement in attending some of these ceremonies where persons of both sexes received diplomas, and in watching their comparative demeanour as they took part in the academic cake-walk across the stage to receive the coveted parchment from Chancellor or President. The young men skurry by nervously, clutch the diploma, and skulk away as though they had stolen it under circumstances of great discredit. Not so the young women. They float gracefully along with

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just the right poise and just the right expression of countenance, receive the diploma with a smile delivered at exactly the right moment and with the precision of a sharpshooter, and then retire as though borne upon a cloud. They are probably at heart even more perturbed than the men, but the histrionic capacity of women is unlimited, and they instinctively rise to the full possibilities of anything spectacular.

❀

The first and second numbers of *The Bachelor of Arts*, the new monthly magazine "devoted to university interests and general literature," have reached us. It is handsomely bound and printed and is of a shape convenient for slipping into one's pocket, being long and narrow. We have found much to interest us in its pages, but we may venture upon giving it a word of friendly caution, to the effect that it is in danger of being mistaken for the organ of a single university. For instance, the June number opens with Mr. Stedman's "Yale Commencement Ode," the second and third papers are on town and gown rows at Yale, and the Athletic Department conducted by Walter Camp, has a rather strong Yale flavour. At this rate, *The Bachelor of Arts* will soon come out with a blue cover.

❀

We notice one ingenious dodge in its prospectus. Glancing down it, we observed a long list of distinguished names —Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, and others—and we thought to ourselves, What great luck the *Bachelor* is in to secure so many attractions at a swoop! A closer reading, however, reveals the fact that these gentlemen "will be *asked to contribute.*" Verily, here is a difference indeed!

❀

Mr. William Watson has written an ode for the Burns centenary to be held in London on July 21st. The ode will be published simultaneously in England and America.

❀

Yet another edition—a "Centenary Edition"—of Burns is to be published. It is to be edited by Mr. W. E. Henley, who will write an essay on "The Life and Genius of Burns," for it, and Mr. T. F. Henderson. It will be printed by the Messrs. Constable, of Edinburgh, and published in the same city. Mr. William Hole, whose etchings to Mr. Barrie's *A Window in Thrums* and *Auld Licht Idylls* (the latter to be issued soon by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company) have been so successful, will make a portrait and other etched illustrations for the work which will appear in four volumes, to be issued at intervals of about three months in the course of this year and next. Every effort is being made to turn out a final edition.

❀

Speaking of Burns reminds us that Mr. Quiller Couch, whose critical articles in the *Speaker* are always fresh and interesting, discussed recently the question why the Scotch people gave their enthusiasm to Burns rather than to Scott. About the fact there can be no doubt. "All over the world—and all under it when their time comes—Scotsmen are preparing after-dinner speeches about Burns. The great globe swings round out of the sun into the dark; there is always midnight somewhere; and always in this shifting region the eye of imagination sees orators gesticulating over Burns." Carlyle spoke for all Scotsmen when he said: "We love Burns and we pity him."

❀

Only recently Messrs. Roberts Brothers published two of José Echegaray's Spanish plays in English, to wit, *The Son of Don Juan* and *Mariana;* and now Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company announce two more plays done into English prose by the celebrated dramatist entitled *The Great Galeoto* and *Folly or Saintliness*, with an introduction by Hannah Lynch, who is also responsible for the translation, which we trust will be happier in some respects than Mr. James Graham's. *The Great Galeoto*, we understand, is to be one of the attractions of the Boston stage next season.

❀

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in the press an invaluable and important historical work on Constantinople. Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, of Amherst, has given the subject a careful and profound study with a view to making his history a standard work. It will be issued in two large volumes, and will contain about two hundred illustrations

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from photographs and cuts, many of them now not generally accessible.

❀

We are able to give a portrait of Mr. H. D. Lowry, whose *Women's Tragedies* is reviewed on another page, in further evidence of the fact that the author of this volume is not, as conjectured by the *Literary World*, a woman. Mr. Hardy

H. D. LOWRY.

has been named as Mr. Lowry's master, and certainly his manner and temper, as well as his materials, strongly assert this, but it is a pity that, like his master, he should dwell so relentlessly on the overshadowing fate and pursuing doom which with mocking irony debars his characters of joyousness and shuts them out from longed-for happiness.

❀

But when all is said, these polished little Cornish gems stand out among the hysteria and modernity of the Keynotes Series with a reticent dignity and an intensity of vision which are due to their true artistic sense. The material may not be of the pleasantest, but the manner by which these stories are wrought into forms of art there is no gainsaying. "I have a pain—of the heart, I think; a pain smaller than the hurt of a cut finger, and yet it takes my life." Was there ever a finer expression of a breaking heart? Mr. Lowry's previous volume of Cornish tales, *Prisoners of the Earth and Other Stories*, should be read in connection with this later collection.

❀

The amenities of criticism are frequently rather amusing when critics disagree in the pages of the same periodical over a common book. For example, the *Sketch*, in its issue of May 8th, says of *Women's Tragedies* that there are "eleven women's tragedies in Mr. Lowry's book, and the strongest effect of each is to cancel the effect of its neighbours; read singly, however, Mr. Lowry's Cornish tales of woe are good." The same paper of date June 12th says "they gain by being printed together. Story by story a world is built up; and though each story, with an exception or two, deals with different *dramatis personæ*, we bring to it the general accumulated effect of atmosphere and conditions to which it, in its turn, contributes."

❀

We have just received Messrs. Appleton and Company's *Monthly Bulletin*, which is a fiction number. When we say that it contains thirty-two vignette portraits of the writers of to-day, some of them reproduced here for the first time, and that it contains biographical matter relating to the subjects of these portraits, it will be seen that the *Bulletin* is worth getting. The publishers have kept in view the fact that many readers will want to preserve this number for reference, and have bound it in thick paper wrappers with neat decorative cover design.

❀

Messrs. Stone and Kimball promise a book of singular interest in *The Love Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R., 1775–1779*, which appears as we go to press. "They are full of genuine fire," says the London *Daily Telegraph*, "and paint a most curious picture of the ways and manners of high life at the end of the last century." The same publishers will follow this volume with a new collection of poems by Eric Mackay, the author of *The Love Letters of a Violinist*. Mr. Mackay, it will be remembered, is the son of Marie Corelli.

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Here is an interesting question of ethics. The Messrs. Scribner, as is well known, publish the Great Educators Series, of which Professor Nicholas Murray Butler is the editor, and in which a number of volumes by distinguished educationists have already appeared. By an agreement with the American publishers, these are issued in London by Mr. William Heinemann, who, however, not satisfied with giving them his imprint, omits the name of the American editor altogether, and brings the series out as "Heinemann's Great Educators Series." This having excited some protest, Mr. Andrew Lang, in his column of chit-chat in the *Illustrated London News*, comes to the defence of Mr. Heinemann, and with a certain good-humoured insolence replies that American editors are not so important to the English public that the suppression of their names need call for any censure, with other remarks in the same vein. We must confess to a good deal of surprise at Mr. Lang's point of view. Does it not strike him that he is confusing effect with cause, and that American editors will be permanently visited with British ignorance of them if English publishers, while eagerly bringing out their books, are encouraged to suppress their names? How would Mr. Lang like to have his name left off of all his works that are reprinted in this country? In these matters there can be, in fact, only one honest rule: if a book be worth publishing at all, it is certainly worth crediting fairly and fully to its proper author and to its proper editor; and if Mr. Lang will think the matter over he will assuredly take our view of it.

❀

Mr. Heinemann, who is best known to the public as "Sarah Grand's publisher," recounts the following bit of personal experience as an instance of the tricks and wiles of the up-to-date publisher. "I was walking down the Strand the other day," says Mr. Heinemann, "and when I got to the point where the Strand turns round the Grand Hotel into Northumberland Avenue, I saw two men standing on the curb selling penny toys. The one held up a funny-looking doll with a paper frock and a very fat face. He called out: 'One penny for the Empire Lady. One penny buys Mrs. Chant.' The other held up an enormous blown-out bladder with the features of an infant painted upon it. He asked passers-by: 'Who wants a baby? One penny for the beautiful baby.' Well, curious as it may seem to you, his stock did not diminish. But his neighbour who sold Empire ladies for a penny did a roaring trade. So I went up to the neglected one and said to him: 'Your business is bad, my friend. I will advise you in your affairs. Hold up two of your beautiful babies and offer them for twopence as the Heavenly Twins.' He did this with astonishing success. The Heavenly Twins were the vogue of that street corner, and Trafalgar Square resounded with their praise. He sold every Twin he had except an odd one, and in two days he drove his competitor higher up the Strand. I, on the other hand, received extraordinary orders for six-shilling novels from booksellers in the vicinity. I tell you the story as it really happened, because it contains a moral—a moral which I will ask you to find out for yourselves."

❀

An important work is about to be published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company which will be welcomed by all who are genuinely interested in literature. It is a biography, and in a sense an autobiography, for the life is told for the most part in the letters of the subject of these memoirs, Gustave Flaubert. A work of this kind is very much needed, and we trust in our next number to interest our readers still further in a review of the book which will bear the title *Gustave Flaubert as Seen in His Works and Correspondence*, and which by that time will be before our readers. There will also appear this month from the same publishers a new novel by the author of *The Green Carnation*, entitled *An Imaginative Man;* also George Gissing's *In the Year of Jubilee;* and in the Town and Country Library a romance of the colonial fireside, by Hezekiah Butterworth, entitled *In Old New England.* The new volume in the Library of Useful Stories appearing this month is called *The Story of the Plants*, and has been prepared by Grant Allen.

❀

We are pleased to see that Mr. Levett Yeats's stirring romance, *The Honour of Savelli*, published here by the Messrs. Appleton, has run through two large editions in England and is now in a third.

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We have received from Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls a circular asking us to agree for the future to spell a long list of words after the fashion in which they are spelled in a printed slip accompanying the circular. As to the greater number of these spellings, we must, with all due regard to Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls, respectfully decline to adopt them. We do not believe that we shall ever, while our bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne, write "skul" and "specter," and "chaf," and "epilog," and "buxum." We would give up our breakfast sooner than write it "brekfast," and we feel that "aw" is quite too awful. Our reasons for declining are easily given. In the first place, we are not cranks. In the second place, we know something of the history of the English language and like to find that history traced in the forms of words. Finally, we have a good healthy sense of humour, and a strong aversion to making ourselves unnecessarily ridiculous. As a matter of fact, the list sent us is evidently made up from several sources and embodies various inconsistencies. Why should phantom be written "fantom" while phœnix stands as "phenix," with the ph retained? Why, if they wish to simplify, do they write "beuteous" rather than "buteus"?

❀

Some of the proposed spellings, however, we accept with joy. We are delighted to assent to the request to use the forms "Antichrist," "havoc," "myth," "nowadays," "prophecy," "prophesy," and "unchristian." In fact, we may say in confidence that this is precisely the way we have always been spelling them without the slightest knowledge that we were thus becoming "reformers." By the way, how did Messrs. Funk and Wagnalls suppose that we were writing these last few words?

❀

When one expresses a dislike to any change of orthography, some "reformer" at once remarks, "Oh, then, why don't you spell as Shakespeare did?" Well, in the first place, the changes that have taken place in the spelling of English since the time of Shakespeare, nearly three centuries ago, are less violent than those which the "reformers" wish to force upon us over night; and in the second place, they have been made very gradually and for reasons. They are a part of the history of our common tongue, and have a scientific interest of their own. The changes proposed by the advocates of "fonetik refawrm" are the mere whims of a lot of pedants, who cannot agree even among themselves as to what they want. A person who lends his influence to their vagaries ought to join a society for whitewashing the Coliseum, or for providing Gothic cathedrals with green window-shutters. For our part, when we feel the need of a machine-made language we shall take to Volapük at once.

❀

A great deal of stress is laid upon the fact that these barbaric spellings have the support of many members of the American Philological Association. Of what earthly importance is that? It is not a question of scholarship, for no one claims that the changes are based upon the historical development of our language or are justified by it. The truth is just the contrary; and so the opinion of the American Philological Association is of no more consequence in what is a pure matter of taste than would be the opinion of the Ancient Order of Hibernians or the Knights of Labour. As a matter of fact, one may hear quite as many crudities of pronunciation and inflection at a meeting of the American Philological Association as at any gathering of educated men. As we are of those who possess membership in that body, this can be taken as an inside view and not the scornful utterance of a rank outsider.

❀

In her wordy warfare with Andrew Lang and others of that ilk over the persistent stand which Miss Gilder takes in the *Critic* that *The Woman Who Did* is an indecent story, this lady has our sympathy. She may see little to worry over, as some London writers have seriously done, in the fact that the author's manuscript of the dramatised version of the opprobrious novel was in his home, which was threatened with fire recently, while Mr. Allen was in London at a literary reception. As the result of repeated applications for the right of translating it into German, *The Woman Who Did* will run as a *feuilleton* in a German newspaper.

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THE OLD BOOKSELLERS OF NEW YORK.

JOSEPH SABIN.

When Joseph Sabin, bookseller and bibliographer, succumbed to overwork, "Killed by a Dictionary" was suggested as his most fitting epitaph. He was a strong advocate of total abstinence, and in his younger days wrote and lectured upon the subject of temperance. He practised what he preached—water pure and simple was his exclusive beverage, and he eschewed tobacco in all its forms; but in point of mental activity he failed to exercise a corresponding degree of moderation. To the cares of a considerable business in the importation and sale of books he added the labours of a publisher, the drudgery of compiling catalogues, and the arduous calling of a book auctioneer, and then took upon his broad shoulders a literary burden of indefinite proportions in his *Dictionary of Books Relating to America.*

This indefatigable worker in the twin fields of bibliography and bibliopolism was born in 1821 in Branston, Northamptonshire, England, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed to Charles Richards, an Oxford bookseller and stationer. Two years after the completion of his seven years' apprenticeship he married, and in 1848 emigrated to the United States, arriving in New York on July 3d. He established himself at first in Philadelphia, and purchased a farm of thirty acres at Chestnut Hill, which would have greatly enriched his heirs if they had retained possession of it until the present time.

In 1850 Mr. Sabin removed to New York, and was connected for a time with the well-known book auction firm of Cooley, Keese and Company, where he was principally employed in preparing catalogues of the better class of books. In the panic year of 1857 he returned to Philadelphia and engaged in business as an importer of fine books. At the outbreak of the Civil War he lost many of his customers, and again sought to retrieve his fortunes in this city. He opened first a book auction-house, and then a book shop in Canal Street. Again he returned to his farm and began work upon his *Dictionary of Books Relating to America from its Discovery to the Present Time.* A year or two later found him once more in New York in the employ of the Riverside Press publishers, Hurd and Houghton. In 1864 he ventured again into business on his own account, and purchased for $9000 the stock and good-will of Michael Noonan, a genial and popular Irishman, who had built up quite a respectable business in second-hand and new books. From No. 84, Mr. Sabin removed to 64 Nassau Street, where he continued in business

JOSEPH SABIN.

until his death. Nassau Street from John to Beekman was then the "Rialto" of the old book trade, and the place where book-hunters most did love to congregate.

Mr. Sabin's sales in the ten years from 1864–74 aggregated over $1,000,000, and during this period he supplied with some of their choicest treasures many of the public and private libraries then in course of formation; among them those of Almon W. Griswold and William Menzies, of New York, and Henry C. Murphy and T. W. Field, of Brooklyn. The two most prominent American collectors of the first half of this century, John Carter Brown, of Providence, and James Lenox, of New York, had nearly ceased their purchases when Mr. Sabin came to New York, and he supplied them with comparatively few books. Rare Americana were Mr. Sabin's spe-

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cialty, and several of his customers were advantageously influenced by him in turning their attention in this direction. Many of the books which these fortunate individuals procured through him have become, as far as booksellers are concerned, simply fondly cherished memories. What book-hunter dreams nowadays (unless he be in his novitiate) of finding in a book-stall such nuggets as the first New York Directory, the first edition of Andre's *Cow Chase*, Symmes's *Late Fight at Piggwacket*, or a copy of Hariot's *Virginia*, the rare English De Bry, which was sold to Mr. Kalbfleisch for $1250, a long price in those days, but a short one in this year of grace 1895. Mr. Sabin published a facsimile of this excessively rare book.

Rarities in the way of English literature were by no means neglected by the bibliopole of 64 Nassau Street, although the present fierce demand for first editions of early English writers was still slumbering. The set of five Waltons sold in this city within a few months came, I believe, from Sabin's, and the first alone brought more than two and one half times as much as was originally paid for the set. Several copies of the first folio Shakespeare passed through Mr. Sabin's hands, including that of Sir William Tite ; and the early Chaucers, Miltons, Ben Jonsons, Spensers, and Drydens, now sought for with so much eagerness by book collectors, were far from being strangers to the shelves of his book-shop.

In those days there was on the part of book-buyers, both here and abroad, a tolerance of big books, which no longer prevails to the same extent. The *Musée Français* and *Musée Royal*, Robert's *Holy Land*, Boydell's Shakespeare, Hogarth's works, and the whole long list of elephantine folios were staple articles in the second-hand book-shops. In "extra illustrated" books the same preference for folios and large quartos was manifested, ostensibly because they permitted the insertion of large prints, and so widened the "extra illustrator's" field of selection. An English dame greatly distinguished herself by "extra illustrating" the Old and New Testaments at a cost, we were informed, of over £10,000, not including the expense of the book-case or book-room, whichever it was, that was found necessary to contain this monument of enthusiastic Grangerism.

The sale by the founder of the house at an early stage in its history of an "extra illustrated" Shakespeare for $3000 is one of the never-to-be-forgotten reminiscences of Joseph Sabin and Sons.

The publications of Mr. Sabin, aside from the *Dictionary*, were a monthly magazine called the *Bibliopolist : A Literary Register and Repository of Notes and Queries*, etc., begun in 1869, and continued until April, 1877 ; *A Bibliography of Bibliography ; or, a Handy Book about Books which Relate to Books ;* and a series of American reprints, ten of which were issued in quarto size and seven in octavo ; large and small papers were made of each. It was the day of privately printed books and "large papers" (not necessarily large *books* because they were large papers), books which have been aptly described as "mere rivulets of text in a meadow of margin." A reprint, in three volumes, of Garden's *Anecdotes of the Revolution*, published in three sizes—ordinary paper, large paper, and what Mr. Sabin dubbed "blanket folio"—capped the climax in these typographical absurdities, and brought them into merited disfavour. They, however, reappeared later disguised under the name of *éditions de luxe*.

The first important collection of books catalogued by Mr. Sabin was that of the comedian, W. E. Burton, in 1860. In 1864 he catalogued the collection of the old Scotch antiquarian, John Allan, of pleasant memory. The title on the cover of this catalogue was not composed by Mr. Sabin. In his opinion it was awkwardly constructed, and, not being willing to father it, he signed himself as "Compiler of this catalogue, *the cover excepted.*"

Among the one hundred and fifty or more libraries which Mr. Sabin is said to have catalogued was that of the Shakespearean scholar, Richard Grant White, who remarked, as the result of his observations, that if anybody thought that bibliography was an easy subject he should serve an apprenticeship under Joseph Sabin.

The book auction sales at which Mr. Sabin officiated included some of the most important that have occurred in this country. The last at which he presided was the great Brinley sale. This was divided into five parts, and the sale of the third part was set for March, 1881, but was postponed on account of Mr.

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Sabin's ill health. His family had already been informed by his physician of the fatal character of his illness. On April 4th Mr. Sabin began the sale, and conducted it to a satisfactory conclusion. On this occasion he had the pleasure and high bibliopolistic distinction of selling the only copy of the Mazarin Bible that has ever been brought under the hammer on this side of the Atlantic. The book was bought by the late Hamilton Cole for $8000, and the sale created a sensation in the book-buying world, which was revived when the two volumes again appeared at auction in the dispersion of the collection of Mr. Brayton Ives, and were taken to Chicago at a ransom of $14,800.

The preparation of the *Dictionary* was begun about 1860. The prospectus was issued in December, 1866, and the first part was published in 1867. It continued to make its appearance in parts at irregular intervals until the death of the author. It was his "old man of the sea." Early morning hours, the small hours of the night, and stolen moments in cars and on shipboard were devoted to it. At Mr. Sabin's death, eighty parts, describing over fifty-eight thousand lots, had been issued, bringing the work down in alphabetical order to the letters Pa. The manuscript left unpublished is now being revised by Mr. Wilberforce Eames, of the Lenox Library, and thirty-six additional parts have so far been printed, completing the work as far as the word Smith. In his process of revision Mr. Eames occasionally must meet with the handwriting of the founder of the institution he serves, as Mr. Lenox was especially interested in this particular work of Mr. Sabin, and rendered him valuable assistance by bringing him titles of rare books in his own collection, which were unobtainable from any other source.

Mr. Sabin was a genuine lover of books and a patient, painstaking student of bibliography. He was a better bibliophile than he was a merchant, and his customers would often find him more eager to discuss the bibliographical points of his literary wares than to effect a sale of them. It is not surprising that he should disrelish having his dictum called in question, and that he sometimes met an assumption of superior knowledge with a show of impatience. A youth once brought him for sale a volume of the Mexican Boundary Survey, published by the United States Government. Mr. Sabin told him that it was not perfect, but should be in two volumes. The young man insisted that the book was perfect until Mr. Sabin closed the discussion by saying jocosely, "Young man, if that work was contained in one volume it would make a book as thick as your head."

Thirty years ago the art of book-binding was not receiving in this country the attention now bestowed upon it; but Mr. Sabin was not unmindful of the exteriors as well as the interiors of books, and he has been credited with the introduction into this country of full and half calf bindings in place of the cheap and less durable sheepskin previously so extensively employed by American binders.

Mr. Sabin died in the harness. Against the advice of his physician, he undertook the auction of the third part of the Brinley Library, and his labours in connection with it probably hastened his death, which occurred at his Brooklyn home on Sunday, June 5th, 1881. His funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Collyer, and he was buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery.

They say that there is no money in the old book business; however that may be, there is certainly in this, as in any other honourable pursuit, something quite as much to be coveted as financial success, and that is the regard and goodwill of one's business associates. These Mr. Sabin enjoyed. Mr. John Pyne, his near neighbour for many years, said of Mr. Sabin at the time of his death, that he was the acknowledged head of his profession, and was loved and appreciated by all who knew him; and the same friend sums up a pleasant tribute to the memory of his brother bibliopole in these words: "His love for rare books passed into knowledge which he used for the benefit of all who had the pleasure and profit of knowing him."

W. L. Andrews.

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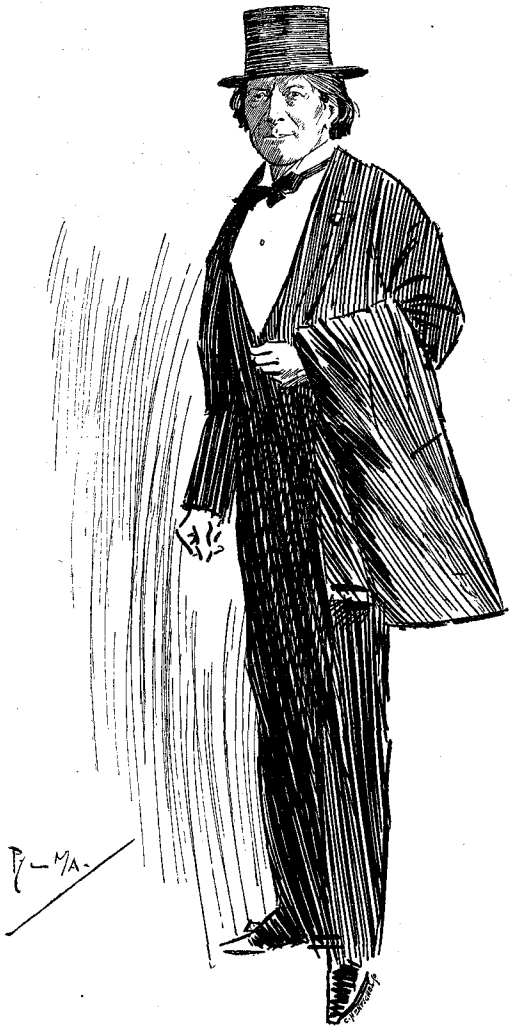
THE DRAMA OF REVOLT.

In his refreshingly disrespectful essay, "Naturalism on the Stage," Zola characterised the successful drama of the day as "a pasteboard world peopled by puppets." He further revealed the revolutionary animus of his criticism in his trenchant censure of the wit of Alexandre Dumas *fils*. "The men, the women, and even the children in his plays make witty remarks," he observes, "these famous witticisms which so often give a play success. Nothing can be falser or more fatiguing. It destroys all truth of the dialogue."



VICTORIEN SARDOU.
From the London Sketch.

The revolt against all the ancient dramatic conventions which this essay and the dramatisation of *L'Assommoir* signalised has since become very widespread, and there is scarcely a country in Europe where the younger school of playwrights do not echo the sentiments expressed by the French iconoclast. They do not, however, base their rebellion upon his example, probably because Zola is primarily a novelist and has achieved no pronounced dramatic success. The acknowledged master of the new school is Henrik Ibsen, who, as a matter of fact, had raised the standard of revolt before the author of *Nana* had yet made his noisy but effective *début*. It is the name of Ibsen which is the watchword of the protagonists in the battle against the mechanical drama of Sardou, Dumas and Co. in England, Germany, France, Holland, Sweden, and Norway. It is with *Ghosts*, *A Doll's House*, or *The Pillars of Society* that the reformers invariably consecrate their *théâtres libres;* and in Antwerp they have even christened the new stage the Ibsen Theatre. The affinity to the grisly magus of the North is no less pronounced in the Englishman, Bernard Shaw, and in the Swede, August Strindberg, than in the remarkable group of German dramatists, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Halbe, and Hartleben. Nay, even that romantic arch-patriot and successful glorifier of the house of Hohenzollern, Ernst von Wildenbruch, is said to have acquired a certain Ibsen cadence of late, and in his plays, *The Crested Lark* and *Master Bolzer*, there is no denying that he is squinting toward the camp of the naturalists. Nothing is to my mind more striking evidence of the completeness of the triumph of the naturalistic school upon the German stage. The dramatic critics of Berlin are, with scarcely a notable exception, in sympathy with the new movement, and would look with undisguised amusement upon the narrow-visioned antediluvians that sit in the judgment-seat on our side of the ocean. Every dramatist, even though his position be as well established as Wildenbruch's, is compelled

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to reckon with the new order of things with the risk of being relegated to the lumber garret. It is this which he has with moderate success attempted to do in the two above-mentioned plays.

The most conspicuous disciple of Ibsen in Germany is, however, not the diplomatic gentleman to whom I have alluded, but one far greater than he—Hermann Sudermann. His magnificent play, *Die Ehre*, is to my mind the most beautiful piece of dramatic work which Germany has produced since Lessing's *Minna von Barnhelm*. I am in no wise staggered by the fact that Schiller's *Wallenstein* and *Wilhelm Tell* belong to the interim. Not a single one of Schiller's justly famous dramas contains so delicious an intellectual problem as *Die Ehre*. Emile Augier's *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* propounds essentially the same problem—viz., the conception of honour of a superior class as contrasted with that of an inferior class; but Augier is only half-emancipated from the old conventions. He openly pleads the cause of the *bourgeois*. He apprehends, to be sure, the situation from its intellectual side, but he lacks the cool and ruthless audacity of Sudermann, and he lacks, too, the scientific equipment which enables the German to analyse the idea of honour into its last component elements. It is a marvel of marvels to me that (as far as I am aware) this triumph of dramatic art has, as yet, not been produced in English, while the farcical nonsense of Moser and Von Schönthan is eagerly watched for and promptly adapted by London and New York managers.

Die Ehre, which was Sudermann's first venture upon the boards, is, however, by no means his best. The ancient traditions were yet vaguely buzzing in his brain, and one of his characters, Count von Trast Saarberg, is none other than our old friend—the favourite of romantic playwrights—"The Uncle from America." That he comes from Java or East India makes, of course, no difference. As a *deus ex machina* who cuts the Gordian knot by choosing the plebeian hero for his partner and heir to his untold millions, he is a distinct remnant of the condition of things which Sudermann, following in Ibsen's wake, came to abolish. *Sodoms Ende* is less pleasing, but constructed far more strictly according to the naturalistic formula. It is one of the most powerful plays it has ever been my fortune to witness, and glides along with an irresistible logic and with the beautiful rhythm of life itself, without resort to the venerable tricks of the playwright's trade. Even Paris has accorded a hearing to Sudermann, whose *Heimat* is one of the most recent successes of Madame Sara Bernhardt. This is a relentless satire and an uncompromising exposure of the rottenness of the modern society, founded upon the corrupting feudal

HERMANN SUDERMANN.

traditions which the age has outgrown. The psychology of these plays is, to my mind, profound and masterly, and betrays a fearless and radical thinker who is fully abreast of the age, if not considerably in advance of it.

It was in January and February, 1878, that Ibsen's *The Pillars of Society* was played in Berlin in six different translations in six different theatres. The critics, at that time, wrote of him in a strain of hostility, though with a less purblind and pachydermatous ignorance than the New York critics displayed toward *Ghosts* a year ago. But since then they have apparently (like their London *confrères*) seen a great light; and now, as I have hinted, the whirligig of Time has in its revolution lifted them bodily and deposited them on the other side. This circumstance tends, I think, to explain the remarkable benevolence of the press toward such strange, revolutionary phenomena as those which during the last five years "The Free Stage" has been producing. There appeared, for instance, Gerhard Hauptmann's *Die Weber*, which dances a war-dance upon the prostrate corpse of all dramatic traditions. It has, properly

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speaking, no action in the old sense. The spectator has the impression of accidentally witnessing scenes and overhearing conversations which were perhaps not intended for his eyes and ears. It is as if the roofs had suddenly been taken off the houses and you were allowed to gaze into the homes and hearts of misery, degradation, and want. No attempt is apparently made to be entertaining, witty, striking, or anything remarkable; and yet the sight grips you by the heart-roots, and you are moved to the depth of your soul. The very absence of all appeal to the spectacular imparts to the scenes, not only a verisimilitude which would content the most radical realist, but a marvellous sense of actuality which had never been seen upon the stage, until that *première* in

GERHARD HAUPTMANN.

February, 1893, when Hauptmann's *Die Weber* won its victory against tremendous odds. Some would say, no doubt, that the same kind of power is displayed in his *Sunrise*, which provoked a drawn battle between the old and the new school in 1889. But *Sunrise*, with all its grim unconventionality, strikes me as being a little too much of a manifesto, and has the crudity of over-emphasis and a rather too demonstrative self-assertion.

The drama, according to Scribe and his successor, Sardou, is an ingenious mechanical contrivance, consisting of nicely adjusted wheels within wheels (as in the works of a watch), warranted to run without jar or accidents for three or four hours, as the case may be. Now it would, to my mind, be a very great mistake to assert that Ibsen and his school have emancipated themselves from all this slavery to "construction" upon which the critics discourse so learnedly. Mr. Bronson Howard once called my attention to the fact that Ibsen's plays are far more rigidly "constructed" than either Sardou's or Dumas'; and the Norwegian's art was only so much more perfect because it showed no visible traces of construction. Never was the art of concealing art more triumphantly demonstrated than in *Ghosts*, *A Doll's House*, and *An Enemy of the People*. In Sudermann and Hauptmann the discarding of all rules is also more apparent than real. The scenes do not succeed each other in the haphazard fashion that they do in life. It is only the obvious stage tricks which are contemptuously rejected. The clever footman and chambermaid who have been ostensibly dusting the furniture in the opening scenes of a thousand comedies from Plautus and Molière to Scribe and Sardou, while their real business was to drop some useful indiscretions regarding the family secrets—these, of course, have been discharged and banished. The serviceable friend of the hero and the confidante of the heroine, who are likewise stock characters, could, however, not be dispensed with; not because they were stage conveniences, but because life exhibits their counterparts in many situations worth portraying.

It is in the pitch of the conversation, and what I may call the key of the action, that the chief innovation is to be observed. The dialogue has somehow acquired the note and *timbre* of the actual voice. It has been tuned down from the unnatural heroics of humour and pathos in which it was made to indulge. The cothurnus, intended to produce the illusion of heroic size, has been thrown away. The action has been simplified, and every motive which is a strain upon one's credulity is ruthlessly rejected. But what, then, is there left? asks the old-fashioned playgoer. What amusement can there be in watching a commonplace episode represented by commonplace people?

I asked myself the very same question, and had it most satisfactorily answered at the performance of the first naturalistic play I witnessed. Since seeing Ibsen, Sudermann, and Haupt-

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mann, the old mechanical drama has become to me utterly flimsy and artificial. I hear all the time the creaking of the rusty machinery, and I feel imposed upon by the threadbare stage devices which I have seen a hundred times repeated. I can delight in Augier yet, for he comes exceedingly near being a naturalist; not to speak of Björnson, who shed his romanticism in the early seventies, when he published *Bankruptcy* and *The New System*. Dumas *fils*, I admit, still gives me pleasure, in spite of his perpetual pyrotechnics of wit, which are certainly a strain upon one's credulity; for his plays are rarely without an interesting intellectual problem which is most brilliantly expounded. But for all that, they never move me as do Hauptmann's and Sudermann's intimate and unembellished studies of life itself. The glimpses they afford of the abysses of human nature seem to me more valuable and more affecting than any amount of startling cleverness in devising situations. Thus there are passages in Max Halbe's *Youth* and in Erich Hartleben's *Hannah Jagert* which in their naïve and simple truthfulness make, as it were, the stage and the footlights vanish and bring us face to face with nature in all her uncompromising nakedness. Never was youthful love treated with more touching veracity than in the former play. It is this sort of power which Tolstoy displays in his autobiography, in *The Cossacks* and *Anna Karénina*. The literary medium disappears and Nature rises out of the book with her august and terrible countenance. Therefore such books, whether they be novels or plays, become experiences. They necessitate a new adjustment of our attitude toward life. The great earth-scented facts which they uncover have, somehow, to be disposed of and assimilated, for they refuse to be dismissed.

I am well aware that the reflections which have been urged upon me by this new school of dramatists run counter to all the accepted canons of the drama. It is contended that a play which is a mere transcript of life would be impossible to act, and if acted would be deadly wearisome. Like the Kingdom of God, a drama cometh not by observation—or at least, not by observation alone—and the attempt to make the stage conform to the laws of reality shows an utter misconception of what the stage is or should be. Thus speak the critics. The late Robert Louis Stevenson asserts the very same thing of the novel, and maintains that the business of the novelist is to throw a spell over his readers and compel them to accept the wildest impossibilities as facts. If he cannot do this, he does not know his craft.

For all that, the novel as well as the drama is drifting away from its old moorings, and in spite of the clamourous protests of the gentlemen of the old school is undergoing a gradual transformation in the direction which is here indicated. The fact that both England and the United States have so far remained comparatively untouched by the new movement does not by any means deprive it of its significance. England is notoriously the most conservative country in Europe, and the United States, in spite of our pretence of independence, has always in literary matters followed the lead of England. Because the London critics have, during the last months, begun to speak respectfully of Ibsen, our critics will presently take their cue from them, and discover that, as a New York critic recently declared it to be, *Brand* is not a mass of nonsense, and that *An Enemy of the People* and *A Doll's House* have not made the round of the civilised world, because some crack-brained persons in Paris, London, and Berlin made their author a fad and imposed upon a credulous public.

It is safe to assert that only that will survive in which the life-blood of the age pulsates—which is in the current of the world's evolution. Literary fashions are as much subject to change as are fashions in hats and trousers; and the tendency of the literary development in fiction as in the drama has always been toward a closer and more uncompromising regard for nature. As Zola has remarked, actors now no longer wear masks, as they did in the age of Pericles; nor do they wear the cothurnus, which was designed to add to their stature; nor do they chant as they did at the time of Louis XIV. And yet, I fancy, the abolishment of these ancient and venerable traditions must have been no less shocking to the conservatives of ancient Athens, Rome, and Paris than the drama of Ibsen and his school is to Clement Scott, William Winter, and

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their ilk in London and New York today. I should not have the hardihood to claim that the achievements of this school are above legitimate criticisms. They suffer from many blemishes which are easy to discover. All I assert is, that they are vital and interesting productions which may serve as guide-posts pointing the way of the probable development of the drama during the twentieth century.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

VI. THE BOOKS OF LIFE.

The books of power, as distinguished from the books of knowledge, include the original, creative, first-hand books in all literatures, and constitute, in the last analysis, a comparatively small group with which any student can thoroughly familiarise himself. The literary impulse of the race has expressed itself in a great variety of works, of varying charm and power; but the books which are fountain-heads of vitality, ideas, and beauty are few in number. These original and dominant creations may be called the books of life, if one may venture to modify De Quincey's well-worn phrase. For that which is deepest in this group of masterpieces is not power, but something greater and more inclusive, of which power is but a single form of expression—life; that quintessence of the unbroken experience and activity of the race which includes not only thought, power, beauty, and every kind of skill, but, below all these, the living soul of the living man.

If it be true, as many believe, that the fundamental process of the universe, so far as we can understand it, is not intellectual, but vital, it follows that the deepest things which men have learned have come to them not as the result of processes of thought, but as the result of the process of living. It is evident that certain definite purposes are being wrought out through physical forms, processes, and forces; science reveals clearly enough certain great lines of development. In like manner, although with very significant differences, certain deep lines of growth and expansion become more and more clear in human history. Through the bare process of living men not only learn fundamental facts about themselves and their world but they are evidently working out certain purposes. Of these purposes they do not, it is true, possess full knowledge; but complete knowledge is necessary neither for the demonstration of the existence of the purpose nor for those ethical and intellectual uses which that knowledge serves. The life of the race is a revelation of the nature of man, of the character of his relations with his surroundings, and of the certain great lines of development along which the race is moving. Every leading race has its characteristic thought concerning its own nature, its relation to the world, and the character and quality of life. These various fundamental conceptions have shaped all definite thinking, and have very largely moulded race character, and, therefore, determined race destiny. The Hebrew, the Greek, and the Roman conceptions of life constitute not only the key to the diverse histories of the leaders of ancient civilisation, but also their most vital contribution to civilisation. These conceptions were not definitely thought out; they were worked out. They were the result of the contact of these different peoples with nature, with the circumstances of their own time and with those universal experiences which fall to the lot of all men, and which are, in the long run, the prime sources and instruments of human education.

The interpretations of life which each of these races has left us are both revelations of race character and of life itself; they embody the highest thought, the deepest feeling, the most searching experiences, the keenest suffering, the most strenuous activity. In these interpretations are expressed and represented the inner and essential life of each race; in them the soul of the elder world survives. Now, these interpretations con-

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stitute, in their highest forms, not only the supreme art of the world, but they are also the richest educational material accessible to men. Information and discipline may be drawn from other sources, but that culture which means the enrichment and unfolding of a man's self is largely developed by familiarity with those ultimate conclusions of man about himself which are the deposit of all that he has thought, suffered, wrought, and been—those deep deposits of truth silently formed in the heart of the race in the long and painful working out of its life, its character, and its destiny. For these rich interpretations we must turn to art, and especially to the art of literature; and in literature we must turn especially to the small group of works which, by reason of the adequacy with which they convey and illustrate these interpretations, hold the first places—the books of life.

The man who would get the ripest culture from books ought to read many, but there are a few books which he must read; among them, first and foremost, are the Bible, and the works of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. These are the supreme books of life as distinguished from the books of knowledge and skill. They hold their places because they combine in the highest degree vitality, truth, power, and beauty. They are the central reservoirs into which the rivulets of individual experience over a vast surface have been gathered; they are the most complete revelations of what life has brought and has been to the leading races; they bring us into contact with the heart and soul of humanity. They not only convey information and, rightly used, impart discipline, but they transmit life. There is a vitality in them which passes on into the nature which is open to receive it. They have again and again inspired intellectual monuments on a wide scale, as they are constantly recreating individual ideals and aims. Whatever view may be held of the authority of the Bible, it is agreed that its power as literature has been incalculable by reason of the depth of life which it sounds and the range of life which it compasses. There is power enough in it to revive a decaying age or give a new data and a fresh impulse to a race which has parted with its creative energy. The reappearance of the New Testament in Greek, after the long reign of the Vulgate, contributed mightily to that renewal and revival of life which we call the Reformation; while its translation into the modern languages liberated a moral and intellectual force of which no adequate measurement can be made. In like manner, though in lesser degree, the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the *Divine Comedy*, the plays of Shakespeare and *Faust* have set new movements in motion and have enriched and enlarged the lives of races.

With these books of life every man ought to hold the most intimate relationship; they are not to be read once and put on the upper shelves of the library among those classics which establish one's claim to good intellectual standing, but which silently gather the dust of isolation and solitude; they are to be always at hand. The barrier of language has disappeared so far as they are concerned; they are to be had in many and admirable translations; one evidence of their power is afforded by the fact that every new age of literary development and every new literary movement feels compelled to translate them afresh. The changes of taste in English literature and the notable phases through which it has passed since the days of the Elizabethans might be traced or inferred from the successive translations of Homer from the work of Chapman to that of Andrew Lang. One needs to read many books, to browse in many fields, to know the art of many countries; but the books of life ought to form the background of every life of thought and study. They need not, indeed they cannot, be mastered at once; but by reading in them constantly, for brief or for long intervals, one comes to know them familiarly and almost insensibly to gain the enrichment and enlargement which they offer. Moreover, they afford tenfold greater and more lasting delight, recreation, and variety than all the works of lesser writers. Whoever knows them in a real sense knows life, humanity, art, and himself.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

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LONDON LETTER.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

I am afraid that your readers may be weary of this never-ending subject, but as there is something like a crisis in the publishing trade at present, and as the whole truth on the subject has not yet found its way into print, I may be pardoned for yet another discussion of the theme.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, who is understood to be one of Mr. Heinemann's literary advisers, complained in an after-dinner speech that the "unbridled greed" of authors was likely to destroy the publishers. This statement was fiercely resented by the Authors' Society, or, rather, by the committee of that Society, for it should be understood that the Society has no power of any kind over its committee. Mr. Gosse was invited to substantiate his assertions, but declined to do so, and has refused either to vindicate or retract an expression which he probably now feels was somewhat unfortunate. Mr. Hall Caine then took the field. Mr. Caine's book, *The Manxman*, as is well known, has had a very large circulation, and it was generally thought that Mr. Gosse's censure was aimed at him. I understand, however, that the relations between Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Heinemann are perfectly friendly, and that in all probability Mr. Heinemann will publish Mr. Caine's next book. In any case, Mr. Caine's appearance on the scene of war drew all eyes.

It is difficult to say what the reason is, but it must be admitted that the tendency on the part of literary men generally is to laugh at Mr. Hall Caine. One of the most distinguished among living writers maintained the other day that Mr. Hall Caine's books were not literature; and a young novelist has recently written a short story, the hero of which is obviously Mr. Hall Caine, in which many points of his character are mercilessly ridiculed. The sketch has given the utmost delight to many, but others have regretted it. Mr. Hall Caine has very fine qualities of mind and heart, and it is the exaggeration of these more than anything else that gives the satirist his opportunity. A novelist of the school of Victor Hugo, he has perhaps a better chance of maintaining his popularity than some who refuse to admit his right to be called a man of letters. That, at all events, is the opinion of the publishers, for I am in a position to say that he was offered two shillings royalty on each copy of his new book, which is to be published at six shillings. This means that the publisher will receive about threepence a copy if the circulation is very large, and nothing at all if it falls short, say, of 30,000.

This brings me to the moral of the whole question. Publishers protest, reasonably enough, that their profits are greatly exaggerated, and that their losses are ignored. They are right in saying that the current calculations are misleading, for these do not include the travelling of a book, which is a very important part of its management, perhaps quite as important as advertising. Nobody has ever explained how publishers are to make losses good, unless by profits—that is, how any plan of publishing can be devised in which publishers shall take the risk and successful authors have to pay nothing for the unsuccessful. But one's sympathy is largely diminished by the fact that publishers themselves make the most extraordinary offers to new authors who seem likely to be very popular. Some years ago the great houses made it a rule never to interfere with authors publishing with other firms. Even yet, two or three publishers hold to this practice. But the custom is gradually being broken down. Let any publisher bring forward a new writer who turns out well, and he has immediately to defend himself from the eager and persevering attacks of brother publishers. There would not be much to complain of in this provided that the offers made by competing publishers were such as could be fairly paid without any one being the loser. I regret to say that this is not by any means always the case. I could tell of offers being made which would be condemned by every practical man as injurious and unfair. I could tell of publishers offering to issue books on no profit at all, acting simply as the

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author's agent, and paying over to him the whole of the gross profits. If these things were done by one or two Ishmaels of the publishing world there would be nothing to wonder at, but some of the most eminent houses in the world are to blame ; and so long as this practice continues, it is obvious that the general public will pay no attention to the publishers' wail, and that authors and the authors' agents will be more stringent than ever. In other words, if the publishers are to make head against the combination against them, they must combine. I do not think they will. Success in publishing will more and more fall to the alert and wide-awake firms who can devise schemes, bring out new papers and magazines, discover authors, and always be prepared with fresh developments.

It is not easy even for the strongest publishers to establish new periodicals. The greatest English houses do comparatively little business in that way, and it may be questioned how far that business is profitable. A very interesting experiment is the founding of *Chapman's Magazine*. The old and eminent firm of Chapman and Hall was turned into a limited liability company a good many years ago, with Mr. Frederic Chapman as managing director. Up till last year a dividend of seven per cent on the preference shares was paid regularly, and five per cent on the ordinary shares. Recently Mr. Oswald Crawfurd was appointed to succeed Mr. Chapman, and a revaluation of the property was made. It turned out that the figures had to be reduced very considerably, and the consequence was that no dividend was paid this year either on preference or ordinary shares. A suggestion to reduce the capital was rejected, and hopes were held out that by newer methods in publishing and more enterprise the loss would be retrieved. *Chapman's Magazine* is the most important forward step which has been taken as yet. Mr. Oswald Crawfurd, who is a well-known, able, and accomplished man of letters, founded it upon three assumptions : First, that the public wanted a magazine containing nothing but fiction ; second, that they wanted their fiction without illustrations ; and third, that the fiction of the future will take largely the form of dialogue. Personally, I disbelieve all the three propositions ; but if success is to be gained, Mr. Crawfurd deserves it. He has secured the services of the best writers, and he is working out his scheme with extraordinary energy. The firm are, as I write, endeavouring to conquer a position in the provinces. They issue an eight-page circular, and distribute it by hundreds of thousands through the agency of a well-known London advertising firm by the means of a house-to-house visitation. To this end, they divide the United Kingdom into districts beginning this week with a district including Manchester and Liverpool, and another including Leeds and Newcastle-on-Tyne. The circular consists of the full contents of the first three numbers of the magazine, sample pages of the stories it contains by Bret Harte, S. R. Crockett, W. L. Alden, and Violet Hunt, along with an account of the plan and purpose of the magazine. They believe that this circular will be brought into the homes of every possible reader in England. The result of this expensive experiment will be watched with very great interest. Only one or two of the recently established magazines give signs of vigorous life, and before the end of the year some of them are to be dropped. It is significant that the *Pall Mall Magazine*, with Mr. Astor's immense wealth to back it, is to increase its price to eighteenpence, and has slightly reduced the number of its pages. The old magazines are not all of them in a very flourishing state. *Macmillan's*, which was commenced about the same time as the *Cornhill*, and was for many years the most attractive magazine in England for people with a literary taste, shows signs of distress. There are now only 80 pages given for a shilling ; there are no illustrations, and recently the magazine has been doubly leaded throughout, thus giving even less reading matter than before. What is still worse, the articles as a rule are not in the least timely—they might be published any month. This appears to me a fatal policy .

How much publishers can lose and have lost is shown by some extremely interesting statistics given by Mr. George Smith, the head of the great firm of Smith, Elder and Company. Mr. George Smith started the *Cornhill* in 1860, with Thackeray as its first editor. One hundred and ten thousand copies were sold of the first number ; and during the first twenty

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years of its existence £85,000 was the amount paid for the editorship and literature of the *Cornhill*. Five thousand pounds were spent in advertising the new periodical. Far more serious was the founding of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. During the second month of its existence, the sales of the *Pall Mall* averaged 660 copies per day, while the advertisements reached the magnificent total of £3 4*s*. 10*d*. a day. In a year, the daily sales had gone up to an average of 5400, the advertisements being about £45 a day. The amount paid for the editorship and literature of the *Pall Mall* during the sixteen years it was Mr. George Smith's property was close on £158,000, irrespective of news and telegrams, etc. It may be doubted, I think, whether the *Pall Mall Gazette* ever paid; and a lawsuit brought out the fact that its successor, the *St. James' Gazette*, was carried on at an enormous loss. It would be curious to know what was the precise loss upon the *Pall Mall* and its offshoots from the beginning. The sum would startle even those who are familiar with facts of the kind. Mr. George Smith's last great enterprise was the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The outlay upon it up to the present time is not far short of £100,000.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LONDON, June 22, 1895.

PARIS LETTER.

A new edition in ten volumes of Bourrienne's Memoirs is announced for early publication under the editorship of M. H. d'Almenas, who recently published a volume of *Souvenirs de Bourrienne*. I notice that in their preliminary announcements of this work the publishers state that the original edition of Bourrienne's Memoirs, published in 1829, is nowhere to be found. I am afraid that this is not quite true, as when, some time ago, I was editing an important work on the Napoleonic era, and stocked my library with every book likely to be of assistance to me, I found no difficulty whatever in procuring these famous—some would say infamous—Memoirs. If I remember rightly, I paid a very low price for them. I know that I had great difficulty in getting any price for them whatever when I afterwards disposed of the volumes.

It is generally accepted that the unfortunate Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne was not the author of the Memoirs published under his name; that, rather, these were the work of a number of anonymous hacks in the pay of the publisher who, at Holstein, paid him a sum of 30,000 francs for the use of his name. Méneval states that he met Bourrienne in 1825, and that Bourrienne told him that he had been asked to write against the late Emperor. "In spite of all the wrong he did me," added Bourrienne, "I could never make up my mind to do so. My hand would wither sooner." Méneval proceeds to point out numerous inaccuracies in the volumes, and adds that Bourrienne's "entire co-operation in this book consisted in some stray, fragmentary notes which were worked out by certain professional writers, who had to make up for their insufficiency by their own researches and with materials supplied by the publishers." My opinion is that the first three volumes, at least—by far the most interesting of the ten—were entirely written by Bourrienne, who was at school with Napoleon. I am doubtful as to the authenticity of the others. Bourrienne had gone out of his mind some time before the entire manuscript of these memoirs was in the printer's hands. They are dull reading on the whole, and venomous to a degree. To be sure, Bourrienne had no reason to love Napoleon, whom he had repeatedly and deeply injured, and who had as often forgiven him. Still, as an antidote to all the gush which has lately been poured out on the world about the Little Corporal, some benefit may be derived from the perusal of these volumes.

The French Academy has been much *en évidence* of late. To begin with, some weeks ago M. Bergerat wrote an article entitled "One Must Belong to It," in the *Echo de Paris*, in which he called on Daudet to let bygones be bygones, and to apply for a *fauteuil*. Daudet, in answer, sent a very neat little note to the *Echo*, in which he described himself as

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the spiritual child of a number of French authors—Balzac, Flaubert, and Gérard de Nerval among others—who had never belonged to the French Academy, and added that "to belong to it, or not to belong to it, is not the question. The question is, to write good books."

Pailleron once said to me that the reason why Daudet refused to apply for a seat in the Academy was that he was very well aware that he would not be elected. Pailleron was sadly mistaken in making this assertion. It is a well-known fact that if Daudet were to present himself he would be elected by at least twenty-five votes, and that at the first ballot. Only last Thursday I heard a prominent Academician, speaking in the name of his colleagues, assure him of that support as a minimum, and I know from other sources equally direct that the Academy would be delighted to receive him. But Daudet is as firm in his determination not to present himself as Zola, "the perpetual candidate" is firm in the contrary resolve. It was amusing to listen to his conversation with the Academician in question. The latter agreed that for a man of Daudet's standing there was little advantage in belonging to the Academy. "It is only," he said, "for men like myself, who enjoy little or no notoriety, that it is a good thing to be Academicians. It helps us to sell our books; it gives us a standing, and when we travel abroad it fills people with veneration of our persons." He continued by saying that he himself owed his election to the Right—a solid nucleus of nine votes. "There is wonderful solidarity among the members of the Right," he added. "They always vote together as one man." He was very amusing when he described the official visits to the Academicians which every candidate has to pay. "The great thing is not to be too humble," he said. "It is best to be cheerful and witty, for then the Academicians say to themselves, 'This fellow will brighten our sittings. Let us vote for him.'" He added that the candidate should dine out as often as possible before election, but never afterwards. It was easy enough, according to him, for a candidate to tell from his reception by this or that Academician whether the person he was calling on intended to vote for him or not. "The first question that one Academician asked me," he related, "after I had expounded the object of my visit, was as to the flora and fauna in my part of the world. I knew at once that I had no supporter in him, and withdrew as speedily as possible." On the whole he seemed to think that a candidate could derive considerable amusement from these official Academical visits.

Then, to keep the Academy still in evidence, there has been this week the reception of Paul Bourget, one of the youngest of Academicians. It was a grand function, and Bourget's speech, especially when he alluded to the great and unfortunate Guy de Maupassant, was most deservedly applauded. Monsieur de Vogüé's speech in reply, though much more scholarly, was less successful. M. de Vogüé has a poor delivery, and, as a schoolboy would say, "he put on too much side," aristocrat as he is. Bourget looked very handsome in his official coat embroidered with green laurels, which, as the omniscient Jules Huret informs the readers of the *Figaro*, cost thirty-nine pounds.

I understand that Jules Lemaître is certain to be elected at the next balloting, and that his opponent, M. Delafosse, will only secure a maximum of ten votes.

Madame Adam is about practically to relinquish the editorship of *La Nouvelle Revue*, which, in future, will be mainly conducted under the joint control of M. Léon Daudet and M. George Hugo. Madame Adam has taken this step because she wishes to devote the next six years almost entirely to the preparation of her memoirs, which will consist of six volumes, of which one volume will appear each year. Léon Daudet, by the way, has scored another success with his *Kamtchatka*. It has been widely and excellently reviewed, and is selling very well.

I hear that M. de Goncourt has been much expostulated with by people about whom he gossiped in the last volume of his Diary, and who complain of a certain want of discretion. It is certain, for instance, that Daudet's interests were not advanced by the various statements as to his health which his old friend made in the previous volumes of the *Journal*. Book-buyers look askance on the work of authors who have been described to them as "paralytic," fearing lest value shall not be had for money. Daudet was quite frightened about the fate of

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La Petite Paroisse when it first came out. "People have got to think me 'doddering,' and I feared a disaster." Fortunately, however, the book soon began to move, and is now in its fiftieth thousand.

Among a number of books which I have received for review this month, I wish to say a word about two in this place. One is a novel, entitled *Flavie*, by André Theuriet (Charpentier). The other is a small volume of poems, *Les Amours de Lyristés*, by Lionel des Rieux (*Edition du Mercure de France*).

André Theuriet's new novel, *Flavie*, is an excellent specimen of the work and style of a distinguished author whose comparative unpopularity I have never been able to understand. When I speak of unpopularity, it is in comparison with Zola, Daudet, Ohnet, and other writers, *à grand tirage*, for while Ohnet has sold over 250,000 copies of his mediocre *Maître des Forges*, André Theuriet's high-water-mark, reached with *Hélène*, has only been 12,000. Yet Theuriet is an admirable writer, refreshing and reposeful, a consummate master of French, and above all clean, cheerful, and natural. *Flavie* is a simple love-story which gives a very faithful picture of certain phases of contemporary middle-class life in France, and if it lacks in incident—Theuriet's weak point—it fully makes up for this—which many do not consider a deficiency—by the interest of the characterisation. M. André Theuriet, who is now sixty-two years of age, and commenced to write, as a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, at the age of twenty-four, has been a most prolific writer of poems, plays, and novels, altogether considerably over fifty volumes, to say nothing of innumerable contributions to the reviews and magazines. *Flavie* is good proof that his abundance has in no way deteriorated his style.

Monsieur Lionel des Rieux is a young man of fortune who has devoted himself to the arts, and is fast making for himself a very distinguished name among *les jeunes*. Long before I received his dainty little volume, admirably printed by the publishers of *Le Mercure de France*, I had heard him spoken about in literary circles as a poet whose name would soon make itself heard. The reception given to *Les Amours de Lyristés* has confirmed this opinion. It deserves its success, and we have in Lionel des Rieux a true poet. Here is a specimen verse from the "Hommage a Lycénis."

"Petite Lycénis aux dents courtes qui mordent,
Moi dont la jeune main sur la lyre aux sept cordes,
Celébre d'autres noms et le tien tour à tour,
Je te donne ces vers, donne-moi ton amour."

The biggest publishing success in France in the matter of poetry was, I think, secured by José Maria de Hérèdia, of the French Academy. The entire edition of his first volume of sonnets was sold out before four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of publication. Monsieur de Hérèdia is not, however, a man to profit by such popularity in a financial sense. He is a most conscientious worker, and is said to spend many weeks over one sonnet. His beautiful daughter has recently revealed herself as a poetess of exquisite quality.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

NEW BOOKS.

LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.*

It will always remain a melancholy coincidence in literary history that the publication of these Letters of Coleridge should have been followed so closely by the death of Mr. Dykes Campbell, "S. T. C.'s" last and best biographer. In a sense, indeed, no one but the editor or Mr. Campbell himself (to whom due acknowledgments of obligation are made in the preface) could review the book with thorough competence. For the publication is even now admittedly not quite complete; and the letters occasionally require explanation which could only be given by those acquainted with the still unpublished documents. As far as this explanation can be given by

* Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6.00.

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notes, Mr. Ernest Coleridge has supplied it excellently. But there are necessary gaps in the text, and the plan of the book does not include a connecting narrative to fill those gaps.

Of what it adds to our previous knowledge there appear to be two rather different opinions. I have seen it spoken of as finally lifting the veil—as telling us all about Coleridge that we ought to care to know, and so forth. I cannot, I confess, quite take this view. The collection is an invaluable one. It gives a great many interesting things which are new (especially the long, furious, and extremely characteristic letter of railing accusation to Southey in reference to the split over Pantisocracy). And it contains, as to the things that were known before, the first proper collection of them, the first juxtaposition, from a score or more of different and scattered sources. I am not, indeed, quite sure that it would not have been better, in the cases where the answers to these letters or the letters to which they are answers exist, to have published them too; but this would probably have been in some cases impracticable, and it would anyhow have made an already rather bulky book bulkier still.

But as to the upshot of the whole—for it is impossible here to speak of parts—I own that after very careful reading of the letters through I do not seem to myself to have a much clearer notion of Coleridge than I had before. My notion is justified additionally in parts, is corrected and modified a little in other parts; but it does not extend itself much further into the double mystery, first of the combination of such almost unexampled moral weakness with such intellectual strength, and secondly of the coexistence not merely of such genius and such love for literature, but of such constant practice of it with such an amorphous and disappointing result as a whole. It is not so much Coleridge's poetry that is in question; for though that undoubtedly contains a surprising mixture of superlative goodness, easy mediocrity, and the positively bad, this is nothing so very out-of-the-way in poetry, and the goodness of what is good is so transcendent, so unique, so altogether ravishing and final, that critical grumbling is almost as foolish as it is ungrateful. It is the question why the prose is not better as a whole than it is that is the real crux. And so of the moral side. It is as great a mistake of the anti-Philistines to protest against harsh speaking of Coleridge's character as it is of the Philistines to abuse that character over much. For the problem in his case is not what it is or has been thought to be in Bacon's or in Dryden's, in Byron's or in Shelley's case—whether he did or did not do certain particular things which are dishonourable or vicious or even criminal, according to this and that standard. It is that the man seems to have had no moral stamina whatever, that in point of dignity, straightforwardness, resolution, and all similar virtues he was simply boneless.

On this double problem, ethical and artistic, the letters throw but little light. A little, I think, they do throw; and it is noticeable that this little has somewhat changed the tenor of the usual Coleridgean apologetics. We used to be told that it was all that wicked opium. Now opium is not entirely relieved of the blame, but a good deal of it is shifted partly to the fair shoulders of Miss Mary Evans for not marrying the poet, and partly to the sturdy ones of Robert Southey for making him marry some one else. I own myself no more satisfied with this explanation than with the other. Both neglect (though the later not quite so completely as the earlier) the eternal and immutable dictum that defilement comes not by what goeth into a man, but by what cometh out of him. To say that Coleridge was weak, ethically and in literature, because he took opium, is to put the cart before the horse in the strangest of all possible fashions. As a matter of fact, of course, he took opium because he was weak. Nor is the case much otherwise in the other matters. I do not for one moment believe that he would have been any better if he had married Mary Evans than he was when he had married Sara Fricker, or that he would after a year or two have cared any more for Mary than he did for Sara. Indeed, Professor Dowden and Mr. Stopford Brooke, both enthusiastic Coleridgeans, admit that, in the words of the latter, he "never truly loved any woman." I should not say that; I should say that he never truly loved any woman for more than a few months.

The truth seems to me to be that Coleridge's sphere was the vague, and

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that this vagueness, rather unluckily for him and still more so for his friends, extended into every aspect and function of his being. We shall not, if we are wise, grumble at it, for it gave us the special beauty of his most beautiful poetry ; it communicated to his conversation and theories the impalpable charm that was so great a stimulus to the best minds of the next generation. But Nemesis, outraged by this spectacle of a human being freed from human limitations and conditions, ordained that from this freedom should come hopeless instability in conduct, incapacity to finish, to achieve, to do anything four-square and final in art. For my part, puzzling as he is, I have not the least desire to have Coleridge in any form that might conceivably have lost us *Kubla Khan*. I am quite satisfied with *The Ancient Mariner*. I think the versification of *Christabel* in the hand a great deal better than any number of *Treatises on Logic* in the bush. But I do not see that we gain by going beyond this acquiescence and trying to prove that he was an archangel not so very much damaged after all, and that if somebody had let him marry some one, and some one else had not made him marry yet another, he would not have been damaged at all.

George Saintsbury.

CHILDREN OF THE SOIL.*

The interest aroused by *Children of the Soil* is chiefly psychological. It does not, like some great novels, sweep you along with the current of a splendid river which you know must reach tragic excitement in jagged rapids and terrific cataracts. Its movement is slow, like the rising tide in an estuary. It runs on into a length of about three hundred thousand words, and there seems no valid reason for it not having been continued out to five hundred thousand words. Giovanni Verga, or, perhaps more significantly, Björnsterne Björnson would have told the same story in as many hundred. The title furnished by the translator is not more misleading than the original title, which means "The Family of the Polanyetskis."

* Children of the Soil. Translated from the Polish of Henryk Sienkiewicz. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston : Little, Brown & Co. $2.00.

One might think that it concerned peasants or dealt especially with country life ; but Warsaw mainly furnishes the scene, and it is only in the last chapter that the Polanyetski family may be said to become founded. The main strand of the story is as follows :

Pan (or Mr.) Stanislav Polanyetski, the scion of a poor but noble race (the very name would seem to be derived from *polye*, a field, and thus justify his claim to high birth), after living in Belgium long enough to imbibe liberal notions—at least in religion, for politics is absolutely ignored throughout the book—returns to Warsaw and enters into business in company with Pan Bigiel, a man of *bourgeois* origin. They are successful, but in extending their connections more capital is needed, and the story opens with Pan Stanislav going to the village of Kremen, which belongs to a distant connection to whom his mother had loaned money on a mortgage. Pan Plavitski has an only daughter, Panna Marynia, who practically manages the place and keeps the wolf from the door, the proprietor being inane, incompetent, vain, and feeble. Pan Stanislav spends Sunday at Kremen, and narrowly escapes falling in love at sight with the fair young mistress of the domain. But when he tries to obtain the money from Pan Plavitski, and realises that it is hopeless, he loses his temper, resists the motion of his heart, returns to Warsaw, and sells his claim to Pan Mashko, an advocate, who, relying on false pretensions to birth and fortune, is trying to worm his way into high society. Pan Mashko buys not only the claim, but also Kremen. The adventurer then offers himself to Panna Marynia, but the girl takes a great dislike to him. Besides, in spite of Pan Stanislav's cruel hardness to her in compelling her to give up her beloved Kremen, she really loves him, and after a time circumstances easily bring about an engagement between them. Pan Mashko, who in a more melodramatic novel would have wreaked his revenge on his rival, contents himself with a milk-and-water spinster who, like himself, pretends to have possessions, but has none. Pan Stanislav marries Panna Marynia and goes to Italy on their wedding tour. On his return, his business still prospering, he is delighted to find that he is to be a father.

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Now comes in the strange psychological tragedy of the story. Even while despising Pan Mashko's wife, Pan Stanislav feels attracted to her physically. He deliberately allows himself to take advantage of her weakness, and is unfaithful to his wife, whom all the time he reveres and worships as a pattern of purity and goodness. Sienkiewicz leaves the imagination of the reader to decide whether the sin was in deed, as it certainly was in word; but he allows no detail of the man's punishment to be hidden. No one ever finds it out or suspects it; least of all Pan Mashko, who, in fact, finding himself in deeper and deeper pecuniary difficulties, has to flee the city. Panna Polanyetska has a few twinges of jealousy owing to a certain expression that she detects in her husband's eyes as he dances one evening with Panna Mashko, but that is all. The husband's punishment is wholly a moral one, and it works out his purification till at last he who had married, so to speak, without complete surrender of self, is lifted to the same divine height as that whereon his wife, in her absolute love and unselfishness, stands. Love makes a new man of him.

Side by side, detailed with almost equal minuteness, is the love affair of the young poet, Pan Ignas Zavilovski, with Panna Lineta Castelli. But this also in itself has only a mild interest. The reader is made to perceive that the young woman is an adventuress, and wonders if the infatuated youth will find it out before or after marriage. On the very eve of the ceremony her unworthiness is proved to her lover, who tries to commit suicide. He recovers, and by the death of a distant relative and the generosity of a cousin becomes the richest young man in Warsaw; but he writes no more poetry. Pan Mashko's love affairs are also circumstantially described. He is involved in a duel, which is related most graphically. The same treatment of the artist Svirski's unreciprocated attachment is threatened, but only partially evolved. The long illness and death of the beautiful little maiden Litka, who so devotedly loved Pan Stanislav, and who on her death-bed brings a reconciliation between him and Panna Marynia, are shown with every possible detail. One might say almost as much of the introduction of the family troubles of Pan Osnovski, whose wife is vulgarly unfaithful; of Pan Bukatski and his illness and death; of the handsome but insignificant Pan Osnovski; of Professor Vaskovski and his Aryan theories.

It is the every-day life of the Polish capital that is displayed before us, but the characters all stand out with the utmost distinctness, absolutely unblurred, painted with all the minute accuracy of a verbal Meissonier. It is a *chronique intime* as well as a *chronique scandaleuse*. It is a wonderful revelation of human pettinesses and human genuinenesses. To hear the names in sequence, as Charles Kingsley loved to put them—

Krasovski,
Vaskovsky,
Osnovsky,
Ratkovski,
Zavilovski,
Kopovski,
Gantovoski,
Plashovski
and "all the others that end in ski"—

one would not imagine how enthralling their fortunes would become. They become so because they are evidently true to life. Their hidden motives, revealed under the dissector's scalpel, are seen to be working as they must work—not alone as Poles, but as fellow-mortals with kindred hearts and souls. Long as the story is—longer as it might easily be—you would not have it shortened; you would not object to know what became of Pan Zavilovsky, or of the adventurer Mashko, or of several others who flash out into the darkness like sparks from an anvil.

Mr. Curtin confesses in his preface that the translation of *Rodzina Polanieckich* was made "in many places, in different countries, at various intervals, and at moments snatched from other work." He began it, he says, in Ireland, continued it in London, Edinburgh, Rome, Naples, Florence, Russia, and in the outer Hebrides, and finished it in Warren, Vt.!

It is in many respects a wonderful piece of work, for it gives the flavour of the original and at the same time on the whole is very readable in English. The correction of the mannerism of placing the adverb last in the sentence would in many cases have vastly improved the style: "Which young ladies in the country have usually;" "I came here with my mother when you were not in the world yet;" "Do you wish to see Emilia absolutely?" "I would persuade Emilia

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greatly to go to Rome ;" "Pani Bronich, leaving her husband in the carriage below, broke into Marynia a little by violence." There are other examples of carelessness in the use of English ; giving sometimes an odd foreign tone. He mentions a room in the *depths* (instead of the background) of which was a table. On page 199 hunger is used instead of famine. In one place the hero speaks with "great passionateness."

Some of the conversations sound stilted from misuse of tenses : "Mamma, wilt let me go, isn't it true?" (instead of "wilt thou not?") "She would have answered something, *were it not* that Bukatski" . . . "He went out and sat on a droshky." On parting with a friend, Marynia says : "To-morrow, then, to a four o'clock." "But thou might come." . . . "Dost wish I will go with thee?" He refers to the "monotonous *tact* of the waltz," and in several instances there are un-English phrases like this : "He turned on her his wonderful eyes without mind." On page 586 the odour of iodine is mentioned when of course it must be iodoform.

But these petty mistakes nor the slow movement of the work do not detract from its greatness as a psychological study and picture of life ; in this respect it easily takes its stand with such works as *Romola* and *Anna Karénina*. Its morality could not be questioned, though it is not a very suitable book for the Young Person. But for mature readers it may be safely recommended as most wholesome and tonic. The wretchedness of social sin and the beautiful dignity of social purity were never placed in more vivid contrast. Mr. Curtin deserves the thanks of all English readers for his enterprise in exploiting these masterpieces of Polish fiction.

Nathan Haskell Dole.

PROFESSOR McMASTER'S FOURTH VOLUME.*

The period covered in this volume extends from the repeal of the British orders in council, in 1812, to the admission of Missouri as a State of the Union, in 1821. The scope of the work has widened since the author entered upon his task, and the entire history will be comprised in six volumes instead of five, as was at first announced ; but the treatment, if somewhat ampler, is substantially the same as in the first three volumes. No attempt has been made to trespass on the field of Adams, whose work covers a portion of this period, as the author is true to his purpose of writing a history of the people and not a political or constitutional treatise. To recall the chief events that make up the history of these nine years will give no adequate idea of the contents of the volume, since its object is to portray the character and condition of the people and to outline the general movement of American civilisation rather than to chronicle events.

Nearly a third of the volume is taken up with the history of the War of 1812, which he narrates with an impartiality that seriously disturbs the complacency of the patriotic reader. He neither palliates nor condemns, but sets forth concisely the whole record of executive incompetence, military jealousy and braggadocio and popular indifference or cowardice, and lets the facts speak for themselves. With a militia refusing to cross the frontier against the enemy, and letting their comrades be outnumbered and slain because "the Constitution did not give the President power to send them out of the United States," with generals more intent on embarrassing each other than on discomfiting the foe, and, finally, with a President dodging about in the woods and hiding in hovels while a British force of 5000 men sacked the capital, we have an episode in our history that is more instructive than pleasing. Of generals like Alexander Smythe, who urged his "heroes" to "come on," and then refused to lead them, the author makes no attempt to construct romantic figures ; and even the military achievements of General Harrison fill him with no enthusiasm. In recounting the exploits of our little navy —the despised arm of the service, but the sole supporter of our prestige throughout the war—he finds a more cheerful theme. He gives a vivid description of Perry's and Macdonough's victories, and in a chapter on the ship duels and the privateers narrates with evident zest the long course of American successes and the humiliation of the

* A History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Vol. IV. $2.50.

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British at the unexpected blow to their maritime supremacy. He sums up the general character of the two navies when, in describing the capture of the British frigate *Macedonian* by the American frigate *United States*, he says :

"It was the old story of bull-dog courage, stubborn resistance, and frightful slaughter on the part of the British, and of splendid gunnery and perfect discipline and seamanship on the part of the Americans."

Yet despite the interest of this part of the work, it cannot be said that Professor McMaster throws any new light on the events he describes. Its value is due rather to his clear and concise style and to his skill in weaving in bits of personal and local history to enhance the realistic effect of the narrative. On this latter point, however, he is sometimes open to criticism for cumbering the story with material better suited to a gazetteer or biographical dictionary than to a historical treatise. To find one's way blocked by a biographical notice at an exciting point in the narrative is tantalizing ; and there are times when the enumeration of the saw-mills, grist-mills, woollen factories, and retail shops in a town which is about to become the scene of an important action palls on the reader. While these details generally serve a purpose, sometimes they seem to have no bearing whatever on anything in the context, and we wish the author's net had not so fine a mesh. Sometimes, too, a want of proportion is apparent in the treatment of topics. Thus, all that is said of the failure of our commissioners to secure a denial on the part of Great Britain of the rights of search, impressment, and paper blockades is the following paragraph :

"Concerning the great issues which had produced the war, the treaty was silent. Yet silence was not dishonourable. Our countrymen did indeed fail to extort from Great Britain damages for the spoliation inflicted on their commerce. They did indeed fail to make good their claim to the islands in the Bay of Fundy and to a natural right to fish in British waters. But it must also be remembered that Great Britain failed to extort from them any admission of her right to search their ships, to impress their seamen, or to lay paper blockades on the coasts of Europe."

Surely something is needed here to enforce the author's view ; and one regrets that he has not taken for it some of the space that he devotes immediately afterward to telling just how and when the news of the peace was received in the different cities.

If the war was inglorious, at least it was inexpensive. "The truth is," says Professor McMaster, "no people had ever before fought so long a war at so small a sacrifice of life, property, and money. Never at any time were there more than thirty thousand fighting men in the army. Never were there actually engaged in any battle as many as four thousand regulars and militia. From such returns and statistics as are trustworthy it seems that the number of men killed in all the land fights was under sixteen hundred, and the number wounded less than thirty-five hundred. Indeed, it is safe to say that the total number of killed and wounded was not far from five thousand."

Some of the facts that he brings out in subsequent chapters may be briefly noticed. The recovery of trade was astonishingly rapid, but the return of peace by exposing to foreign competition the manufactures which had sprung up during the war threatened them with utter ruin. Urgent petitions from the domestic manufacturers combined with the efforts of the Southern representatives at last induced Congress to enact the tariff of 1816, the first distinctively protective tariff adopted by the United States. But in spite of the protection of domestic manufactures, the prosperity was short lived, and was followed by a long period of hard times, which brought in their train an alarming increase of pauperism and crime. No chapter in the present volume has greater interest than that relating to the nature and extent of these evils and the means adopted to check them in the large cities. In New York pauperism increased so rapidly after the war that a public meeting was called and a committee appointed to investigate its causes. It was found that paupers were increasing more rapidly than the population, and that one seventh of the population of the city were living on charity. The causes were declared to be drink, pawnbrokers, lotteries, and the ill-regulated charitable institutions of the city ; and vigorous efforts were made to suppress or regulate these demoralizing influences, but without immediate success. The agitation, however, bore fruit in a great humanitarian movement which a few years later succeeded in introducing better conditions. Crime kept pace with pauperism. It was fostered by the defective

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penitentiary systems and by lack of educational opportunities for the children of the poor. One of the most glaring evils of the time was the imprisonment of debtors. During the year 1816 nineteen hundred and eighty-four debtors were confined in the debtors' jail in New York City, and of these, nearly one half were imprisoned for debts under twenty-five dollars. The author says: "Nothing done by the States since they provided for the gradual or complete abolition of slavery did so much to alleviate human suffering, unjustly and often maliciously inflicted, as the abolition of imprisonment for petty debts." In short, his picture of the social conditions that prevailed in our large cities in the decade from 1810–20 brings home to us forcibly the extent of the improvements and moral and economic progress of later years.

Space will not suffice for a description of other equally valuable portions of the work. It remains to say a few words of his method of treatment and his style. The chief fault of the volume is a certain scrappiness—a want of continuity and systematic arrangement. A multitude of interesting and suggestive facts have been collected with great diligence, and they are presented in a clear and graphic manner; but they lose their force by improper grouping. Topics are introduced, dismissed, and resumed according to some mysterious law not discoverable by the reader, and the effect is somewhat kaleidoscopic. For all that, the author has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the times of which he writes, and he reproduces it with singular vividness.

F. M. Colby.

MR. HOWELLS'S LITERARY PASSIONS.*

What a delightful thing it must be to attain a degree of distinction at which reminiscence becomes as valuable as creation! Then, if one be a novelist, for instance, he need no longer rack his brain over the complexities of plot and the analysis of character, studying proportion, and inventing incident, and polishing dialogue; but, secure of his public, at any odd moment he can sit down in his library and recall miscellaneous details about himself. They need not have any absolute value in themselves: how, when twelve years of age, he was once very homesick at his uncle's house; how he was once taken to a chemist's shop and dosed with camphor as a prophylactic against cholera; details about what he usually had for dinner and the hour at which he had it; and the peculiarities of an organ-builder who used to lend him books. These bits of life history, of which every human being possesses a million scattering fragments, are, to the person who has attained renown, a veritable gold mine. They have no especial pertinence to anything, but they are deeply interesting because they happened to him; and so, after setting them down in detail to the extent of a column or so of print, the Distinguished Personage gives them a little polishing, garnishes them with a few neat phrases, and sends them off to Mr. Bok, who at once remits a delightful cheque, wherewith the Personage enlargeth his bank account and arrayeth himself in purple and fine linen, and maketh merry.

To this beatific state has Mr. Howells attained, and the present book is the first clear evidence of it. For, while it is not his first book of personal reminiscence, it is the first one that is personal reminiscence pure and simple, making its appeal to the reader wholly on the basis of Mr. Howells's ego. It may be said that *A Boy's Town*, which appeared some five years ago, was of the same character; but this is not true. *A Boy's Town* was, to be sure, the personal experience of Mr. Howells; but it was much more than that. It was a most subtle reproduction of the spirit of boyhood itself—a wonderful piece of psychology, and a perfect miracle of memory. It reproduced exactly and to the last minute detail the whole mentality of Boyhood, its fancies, beliefs, superstitions, morals—in fact, a point of view that not one grown person in ten million ever gets the slightest glimpse of. No man over thirty years of age can read this book without having a thousand strange remembrances crowd upon his mind of things that have passed out of his life and thought as though they had never been, but which the perfectly marvellous art of Mr. Howells wakes to life in him once more until he forgets his maturity and passes back into the strange chaotic avatar that we call boyhood. To our mind, *A Boy's Town* is

* My Literary Passions. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

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one of the most extraordinary psychologic studies ever put upon paper, but it had no great success when published, because Mr. Howells's successes, as he has himself said, depend upon the verdict of women ; and no woman could possibly understand *A Boy's Town*, simply because no woman has ever been a boy.

The present volume is, therefore, the first frankly egotistical work of its author ; and in saying this, the word egotistical is used in no offensive sense. Nominally, of course, it is a collection of literary criticisms, and there is in it much acute observation with some strange vagaries of judgment ; but in the main the literary passions are largely a thread upon which are strung the pearls of personal detail about the author's own career. In the very form of its narrative it differs from *A Boy's Town*. In that book the protagonist was, of course, Mr. Howells ; but he was always spoken of in the third person, as "my boy," or "the boy," whereas now it is "I" continually, and the personal pronoun is peppered thickly over every page. This is no cause for criticism, but it accentuates the strong personal note of the whole, which is very marked, also, in the curious assumption that everything relating to the writer must be equally attractive to the reader, and against which assumption we desire to protest. Thus, it is no doubt interesting, even if it be not convincing, to be told that *Vanity Fair* is "the poorest of Thackeray's novels—crude, heavy-handed, caricatured ;" and that Mr. J. W. De Forest is one of the very greatest of American writers of fiction ; but who is especially concerned to know that Mr. Howells, at the time when he first heard of Don Quixote, was engaged in shelling peas ? As a matter of fact, in some of the papers contained in this volume, the pea-shelling vein of reminiscence crowds out the literary element almost entirely, as in the chapter headed "Scott," which contains practically nothing at all about Scott except that "of his novels little or nothing remains with me"—which suggests *lucus a non lucendo* as a good motto for the chapter. But, then, no one would have expected a chapter on Scott in the chronicle of Mr. Howells's literary passions.

It is superfluous to say, however, that in spite of innumerable trivialities many very neat bits of phrasing and of literary characterisation abound. Very good is his verdict on Charles Reade, as one who "remained content to use the materials of realism and produce the effect of romanticism"—high praise, though meant for censure ; and his sentence about the minor poems of Emerson, "where the goddess moves over Concord meadows with a gait that is Greek, and her sandalled tread expresses a high scorn of the india-rubber boots that the American muse so often gets about in." So, too, his amusing judgment on *Paul Ferroll* and *Day after Day*, that "their strength was rather of the tetanic than the titanic sort ;" and of Dickens that "in Dickens, the virtue of his social defect is that he never appeals to the principle which sniffs in his reader." Mr. Howells says that one of the strongest of his literary passions was for Thomas Hardy, and yet that he has never read *Tess*. Mr. Henry James is praised with some reservations, and is only smuggled into the book in a chapter headed by the name of J. W. De Forest, and in company with Björnson. Thackeray is patronised in a way delightful to see ; but more space is devoted to him than to almost any other writer, and the following paragraph, whose truth the most devoted admirer of Thackeray must recognise, is a very admirable bit of criticism :

> "What flatters the worldly pride in a young man is what fascinates him in Thackeray. With his air of looking down on the highest, and confidentially inviting you to be of his company in the seat of the scorner, he is irresistible ; his very confession that he is a snob, too, is balm and solace to the reader, who secretly admires the splendours he affects to despise. His sentimentality is also dear to the heart of youth, and the boy who is dazzled by his satire is melted by his easy pathos. Then, if the boy has read a good many other books, he is taken with the abundance of literary allusion in Thackeray ; there is hardly a sentence but reminds him that he is in the society of a great literary swell, who has read everything, and can mock and burlesque life right and left from the literature always at his command. At the same time, he feels his mastery, and is abjectly grateful to him for his own simple love of the good, for his patronage of the unassuming victims."

This passage is a very fair specimen of the author's neat and perspicacious style, and some of the most interesting revelations of the book are those that relate to the processes whereby he acquired his literary manner. The present writer once listened to a discussion at a London club, in the course of which Mr.

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Howells and Mr. Austin Dobson were brought forward as illustrating the possibility of acquiring the very last refinement of literary culture without any university training whatsoever. The illustration was not challenged; but, so far as Mr. Howells is concerned, it might have been. Without being hypercritical, one can always find, on turning over his pages, something—not very glaring, to be sure, but still something—wherein his speech bewrayeth him. When he writes, as he does here, "Sinbad" for Sindbad, and "hung" when he means hanged (p. 64), and when he uses such abominable locutions as "I must have been given my choice" (p. 15), and "I was given charge of the news department" (p. 182), it is evident that the final touch, the last and subtlest tint is lacking.

Harry Thurston Peck.

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION.*

These two volumes are valuable contributions to the literature of an important and vitally interesting subject, namely, the future organisation of industry. We are so beset with suggestions for social regeneration, and have thrust upon our attention so many and such varying remedies for the diseases that afflict the social body, that real light on the subject, especially through fresh data, is welcome. While contributing to the solution of the same problem, the two books are quite different in method, and of unequal value. In reading Mr. Dyer's volume one is led naturally to compare it with Kidd's *Social Evolution*, and unfavourably, it must be confessed. About Mr. Kidd's book there is a definiteness of outline, a mastery of detail, a force of argument, and a sweep of logic which always make towards a definite goal. In the present volume, on the other hand, one is conscious of a lack of definiteness and clearness of outline, and, above all, of a carefulness and reasonableness in putting forth his statements. It is elaborate in detail, and abounds in generalisation and in prophecy. While apparently desirous of being thoroughly scientific, the author indulges in what seems to us a rather overhasty attempt to apply the principles of modern science to the subject in hand. The effort to apply physical principles to the economic problems involved is unsatisfactory. The statement that social science is only the final chapters of physical and biological science can be accepted only with modifications, and the use of the terms "physical" and "biological" throughout the book is rather unsatisfactory. Superficial analogies occur, as in the chapter on industrial integration, in which the relation of the organisations of animals is compared to that of society. "In an animal body we have, on the one hand, the differentiation of its parts or members by means of vascular and nervous bonds," etc. In the same chapter Professor Huxley is quoted to the effect that "the process of social organisation appears to be comparable, not so much to the process of organic development, as to the synthesis of the chemist, by which independent elements are gradually built up into complex aggregations."

Within the first two or three pages we are treated to the term "sociology," without question or attempt at definition. Indeed, throughout the author seems unconscious of the fact that a real science of sociology is taking shape, which is something more than physical science or biology, which, indeed, bears the same relation to the social sciences that biology does to the biologic sciences. Upon this basic social science will ultimately rest the special social sciences, economics among them. It is safe to say that for the thorough working out of this science patient research and infinite labour are still necessary. The luxury of generalisation and of prophecy must be foregone until more complete data are at hand—at least this is true if we are to be thoroughly scientific. Laying aside, however, the question of the general treatment of the subject, and passing over the failure of the author always to give us clear analyses, we are free to say that the book is full of admirable matter. It is conceived on a high plane, is the outlining of noble social ideas, and will undoubtedly contribute to the solution of the problem of industrial organisation by stimulating inquiry.

In the *Outlines of English Industrial*

* The Evolution of Industry. By Henry Dyer. $1.50. Outlines of English Industrial History. By W. Cunningham, D.D., and Ellen A. McArthur. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

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Society we have a contribution to the subject the value of which is more easily fixed. It is a reduction from a larger volume by the same authors, but is complete and satisfactory. It is such work as theirs that clears up the problem and makes it possible of solution. Only by a careful study of the past can we hope to understand the present. The industrial history of England is traced from the landing of the Anglo-Saxons to the present time. Incidentally the question of how far Roman civilisation survived and moulded English institutions is raised only to be settled in the way now generally admitted—namely, that English institutions are Teutonic.

The book is full of exceedingly interesting matter, throwing light on our present industrial problems. The growth of capital is traced and the gradually increasing dependence of labour upon it. The freedom of modern labour has been gained at the expense of stability. Before the industrial revolution the artisan may be said to have had several strings to his bow. He was usually resident in a rural district, or had in some way an interest in land. He might have a garden like the Sheffield cutlers, or carry on pasture farming like the weavers near Leeds. He was not entirely dependent on his trade. Often the labourer's earnings were supplemented by those of his wife and children at some by-employment, such as spinning wool. This was practised in many cottages throughout rural England in the eighteenth century. After the industrial revolution, spinning was done in factories, and removed from the country to the town or city; his wages were the artisan's only support. The loss of stability was real, but there was also a real gain. The aggregation of labourers in towns has had an important socialising influence. It has prepared the way for the formation of the great Friendly Societies, the Co-operative Societies, and other artisan institutions, all of great educational value to the workman. The problem which falls to us is not that of returning to the old circumstances and losing what we have gained, but if possible of introducing some new conditions of stability which shall yet be compatible with further progress. A suggestion is made of recreating domestic subsistence, farming, and of possibly securing to labourers an allotment of land to tend in addition to their regular work. Other phases of present problems are discussed, and, on the whole, the volume is delightfully free from over-hasty conclusions and from hobbies. We commend it to the average reader desirous of learning something about our present industrial problems.

The following satiric home-thrust is quoted in Mr. Dyer's volume, from Mr. Sidney Webb's *Socialism in England*, to show the trend of the times: "The 'practical man,' oblivious or contemptuous of any theory of the social organism or general principles of social organisation, has been forced by the necessities of the time into an ever-deepening collectivist channel. Socialism, of course, he still rejects and despises. The individualist town councillor will walk along the municipal pavement, lit by municipal gas, and cleaned by municipal brooms with municipal water, and seeing by the municipal clock in the municipal market that he is too late to meet his children coming from the municipal school, will use the national telegraph system to tell them to come by the municipal tramway to meet him in the municipal library, where he intends to consult some of the national publications in order to prepare his next speech on the nationalisation of canals. 'Socialism, sir!' he will say. 'Don't waste the time of a practical man by your fantastic absurdities. Self-help, sir, individual self, that's what's made our city what it is.'"

The tendency, however, is not toward socialism, at least not the socialism with which we are familiar, but rather towards a stronger and more complete individualism. Indeed, the best socialism and the best individualism are one and the same.

Arthur MacDougall.

THE MASTER.*

Mr. I. Zangwill, best known in this country as the author of *Children of the Ghetto* and another volume of short stories, possesses in a marked degree the qualities which lead to literary success. That he is an able, virile, and, above all, an interesting writer of fic-

* The Master. A Novel. By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.

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tion, with a keenly developed sense of the artistic side of life, is a fact well known to the reading public. But that he is a veritable beaver in point of industry and ingenuity I did not know until I laid aside his new novel, *The Master*, at the close of a struggle which had lasted nearly three days.

I do not know exactly how many thousand words there are in this story of Nova Scotia and London, but I do know that there are altogether too many, and I know also that *The Master* is one of those books which I always feel tempted to estimate in words, whereas there are others that I never think of measuring even with a yardstick. Indeed, there are so many closely printed pages in the book (and no attempt to cheat you with huge type and wide margins), that when I put it down for good and all, I could not help recalling a beaver-dam that I once gazed upon, thinking the while of the patient, sagacious little creatures who had constructed it.

That dam was in the heart of Nova Scotia, not far from the very region in which Mr. Zangwill has laid the scene of the earlier chapters of his story, and if the literary beaver had followed more closely the methods of his fourfooted prototype, he would not have ventured so far away from the localities with which he is thoroughly familiar. His dialect, for example, does not hold water in the Canadian province, for it seems to have been gathered piecemeal from nearly every variety that has been brought to the attention of Englishmen through the efforts of American magazine writers. Charles Egbert Craddock's Tennessee mountains, Mary E. Wilkins's New England villages, Bret Harte's California mining camps have all been drawn upon for the wonderfully woven conversational fabric which the author places in the mouths of the simple, seafaring and fisher folk from among whom his hero comes. This hero, Matthew Strang, is first shown to us as an uncouth country bumpkin, but in the course of two or three hundred pages he is metamorphosed into a fashionable and brilliant London artist by means of the simple and infallible process with which all successful romancers are familiar.

In this particular case the process seems not to go on quite so smoothly and naturally as it does when the hand of a more practised novelist holds the lever and directs the movements of the works. Mr. Zangwill has not yet acquired the art of making his characters age gracefully and naturally under the touch of his pen, and it does not seem exactly probable that a boy of the sort shown in the first chapter should become within a very few years, and with limited educational advantages, a successful artist, sought after by aristocratic lovers of society, worshipped by women, and—what is still more remarkable—knowing how to draw.

That portion of the book which relates to London is done in a way which shows that the author has made his studies of life there at short range. His descriptions of certain phases of artistic life in the English capital display a most intimate knowledge on his part—a knowledge which enables him to treat the artists, their clubs, their schools, and themselves with an easy going cynicism, bred of familiarity if not of contempt, which the reader is sure to find intensely interesting and amusing. Indeed, in the artistic academy of Mr. Grainger we have something very strongly suggestive of the art school in which Clive Newcome and J. J. Ridley made their early studies, while the half dozen clubs into which Strang penetrates under the guardianship of his cousin and uncle are sketched truthfully, humorously, and with a firm hand.

According to my way of thinking, Mr. Zangwill's chief weakness, next to his taste for printing too many words, lies in his habit of straying too far away from his story, and of introducing numberless characters which have nothing to do with the development of the plot. Sometimes, as in the case of Priscilla, the pretty maid servant who shows a distinct liking for the hero, we become interested in these characters, and read on in the hope of coming across them again. But the author permits them to drop out of sight without proving their legitimate claim to a place in his pages, and some of the interest that ought to have been concentrated on the affairs of the hero is wasted upon them.

Mr. Zangwill should make a careful study of George Meredith, who, with all his verbiage and involved style, sticks to his main plot with a persistency that would do credit to a dramatist, and

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never introduces a man, woman, or child into a novel without some fixed and unmistakable purpose. Mr. Zangwill's weakness in this respect is probably due to his training as a writer of sketches and short stories, in which the characters are of necessity but few, and are easily kept in hand. If he sticks to novel writing, and I am sure I hope that he will, he will certainly overcome this tendency.

There is likely to be considerable discussion in regard to those parts of *The Master* which relate to the different women with whom the hero is brought in contact, either as a husband or as an admirer, and I am sure that it will be alleged against him that no woman, certainly none in fiction, ever acted in exactly the same way that Mrs. Wynwood did under conditions similar to hers. It seems to me that the fact that no woman ever did act precisely after the manner described by Mr. Zangwill, is a tolerably sure indication, according to all accepted laws of the odds, that she will do so before long.

Therefore I say that in Mrs. Wynwood we have a woman who has been due for some time, and who is bound to turn up just as the double naught is pretty sure to come out at least once during an evening.

And let us be thankful for her.

James L. Ford.

ON CERTAIN SPRING JUVENILES.*

The crop of spring juveniles is always meagre. It is the season of planting rather than of plucking with bookmen as well as husbandmen. The exigencies of the trade, the trips of travellers, and the changes in the methods of handling, are making the books for boys and girls more and more a matter of fall issue and holiday sale.

Every popular writer for young people is the possessor of a certain well-defined trade-mark. With Trowbridge it is the boy of the morbid conscience; with Stoddard, the boy of persistent purpose; with Kirke Munroe, the boy of incipient manliness; with Oliver Optic, the boy of phenomenal precocity; with Harry Castelmon, the boy of unadulterated bravado.

Just why precocity and bravado should be especially popular with young readers it is hard to determine, unless it be that in these overwrought qualities the boy reads the lesson of pluck and persistence, displayed in a guise that attracts, without having the not over-welcome moral sandwiched between the lines.

Oliver Optic's books have long since passed the hundred limit, and much may be forgiven to the author of the *Boat Club* and its attendant sequels, by those of us old boys who recall with a thrill of pleasure Oliver Optic's first books, and remember how we held that new and novel writer as a name to conjure with. No boy or girl was ever really injured by a course of Optic, even though false ideas of juvenile superiority do crop out in his character-sketching. In his later books there has been a marked absence of spontaneity and freshness; and in none has this been more apparent than in the War Series, to which he has given the title "The Blue and the Gray." The latest addition to this series is called *In the Saddle*. It shows us the Union boy, Deck Lyon, as rivalling McClellan in tactics, Sherman in strategy, Grant in leadership, and Sheridan in dash. It displays him as superior to his father, the major, in headwork, and to the seasoned old sergeant, Knox, in wristwork. It carries him bravely through every trying situation, and turns the whole tide of war on the border upon his brilliant operations, until one is led to believe that Kentucky was saved to the Union by the pluck and forethought of this marvellous boy-soldier.

But with all its crudities and inconsistencies the story is one of action, of patriotism, of endeavour, and of triumph, and these are sufficient to excuse the precocious youth who is its central figure, and the evident padding that makes a book of 450 pages out of material that might be disposed of in a chapter.

* In the Saddle. Illustrated. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1 50.

Elam Storm, the Wolfer. Illustrated. By Harry Castelmon. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. $1.25.

Tales from Scott. Illustrated. Compiled by Sir Edward Sullivan, Introduction by Professor Dowden. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.

Dame Prism. A Story for Girls. Illustrated. By Margaret Matthews. New York: Frederick Stokes Co. $1.25.

Only Ten Cents. By Pansy (Mrs. Alden). Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.

The Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

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Harry Castelmon's story, *Elam Storm, the Wolfer*, is a Wild West show in 12mo, a step beyond the lurid "literature" of the "Old Sleuth" school, and superior to them in mechanism and treatment. It introduces us to a young avenger hot upon the trail of a lost nugget of gold that has evaded all grown-up gold hunters for a generation. It carries us on a straight, if questionable course among the gamblers, desperadoes, and tough characters that would seem to be the backbone of all "far West" stories. But though scarcely elevating in tone and certainly lacking in workmanship, it is still the old, old story of persistence, courage, ingenuity, and success (for the boy, of course, finds the nugget) that the excitement-loving boy rarely tires of reading; and if out of it the lesson of brave endeavour comes well to the fore, one can feel that the reading of the tale can do no harm, and may be productive of incentives toward manliness. The Red Ghost, which turns out to be a tramp camel from the Arizona desert, is certainly a unique feature, and supplies the spice of mystery and mild gruesomeness.

It is a far cry from Harry Castelmon to Walter Scott, and yet to each is attached a query. One, indeed, may question the wisdom of preparing for young readers a condensation of the prince of romancers. Yet here we have it, in *Tales from Scott*, compiled by Sir Edward Sullivan, and furnished by Professor Dowden with a delightful introduction—which boys will never read. The fate—indeed, the failure of all attempts at "stunting" the classics is notable. Lamb's *Tales from Shakspere* would seem to be the exception that proves the rule. It is to be feared that failure is in store for this latest contribution to the condensing process—at least, so far as "my young friends," to whom it is dedicated, are concerned. The nine "tales" here compressed are *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *The Black Dwarf*, *Old Mortality*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *A Legend of Montrose*, and *Ivanhoe*. Why not *Quentin Durward* and *The Heart of Midlothian?*

The demand of the day seems to be for a good "girl's story." Good ones are few and far between. The reason is obvious. A book for girls has but a limited public; for it is a well-authenticated fact that all girls will read a boy's book, but few boys will read a girl's book, though some have been discovered in out-of-the-way corners poring over *Little Women* and *The Oak Staircase*.

It is to be doubted whether they would all read with real enthusiasm the book just issued under the title *Dame Prism: a Story for Girls*. They should do so, for it is a good story and in many ways a readable one; but it labours under the misfortune of being too extended, and a long story must be a moving and dramatic one. So, even though *Dame Prism* is by Margaret Matthews, whose *Dr. Gilbert's Daughters* was well received, it is too evidently "strung out" and occupied with minor details to attain real popularity. Persis Prisholm (Dame Prism) is a bright, unconventional, and matronly little girl, who does bravely with her brood of brothers and sisters, and deserves to be better known to all the boys and girls who admire ability and recognise true merit—in story books. But there is evidently something lacking in the tale—the life, the verve, the "go" that made Miss Alcott's girls real girls, and the absence of which, for example, in Jean Ingelow's prose romances caused them to fail of popularity. Boys and girls must not only be natural in stories, they must also be suggestive rather than didactic—and in most cases not too much in evidence.

Very much in evidence is the perennial "Pansy." Her Sunday-school novelettes now closely crowd the hundred limit, even as do the very secular ones of Oliver Optic; indeed, it is questionable whether any other writer for young people, at the present day, has so large a following. It is a mystery how Mrs. Alden, otherwise known as "Pansy," finds time or material sufficient to produce so many stories, cast in one conventional mould, and yet all of them weighted with the moral that sticks and furnished with the plot that interests. Such is her new story, *Only Ten Cents*, which tells its customary tale of endeavour in righteousness. Mrs. Alden is Maria Edgeworth modernised—that is, with more of the practical woman and less of the intellectual popinjay.

Why is it that the good little boy or girl must be killed off? That, to me, is the chief blemish on many well-inten-

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tioned stories for children. There is really no necessity for this forced fluttering of the wings of the death angel in stories for the young. This world is an excellent one to live in and do good in. Why not let the children live?

It must be confessed that in the last book on our spring list there is a vast amount of dying. But in this instance death is dramatic and necessary. Those die who should die, and the heroes live It is a fine, bloodthirsty story, *The Jewel of Ynys Galon*. It reeks with gore from start to finish, and it is of a strain that stirs and satisfies the most excitement-craving boy. Here, too, this writer with the strong Welsh pseudonym, Owen Rhoscomyl, has the ingredient which such a writer of feud and fight as Harry Castelmon, for instance, does not display—intellectual ability. *The Jewel of Ynys Galon* is dramatic, inspiriting, thrilling. The pirates are real pirates, the hero is a real boy hero, the feuds and fights are of the strong, virile sort which an even greater master of the dramatic in story-telling used to such good service—I mean Stevenson. The story, in a style that recalls now *Lorna Doone* and now *Treasure Island*, tells how the jewel became the badge of mastery; how it was lost, how found, how fought for, and how, at last, after a particularly ferocious combat, it hung about the neck of the rightful heir and chief. The action never falters, the excitement never flags, but from beginning to end keeps the reader awake, intent, excited—whether the excitement is a healthy one or not depends upon the character of the reader. And from out the blood and battle comes, again, the lesson of effort, courage, chivalry, and success, which, after all, is the mainspring of good in every tale, whether it be told for Sunday-school scholars or for the boy who, to quote from the dedication page of *The Jewel of Ynys Galon*, has "ever stored up stale crusts and hoarded his pocket-money, with a view to presently annexing the family carving knife and stealing forth to become a bloodthirsty pirate—the terror of the seas."

So ends this brief survey of certain spring juveniles. The calibre of them all is much the same. No one of them is great, most of them are conventional, certain of them are crude, perfunctory, and commonplace. Infinite variety, however, is scarcely to be expected. There is nothing new under the sun, even in plots. And yet the same old plots can be used with satisfactory results, if but the teller of the story use scene and action so deftly that his reader thinks his story new, or can label it, as did Mr. Venus the choicest trophies of his art, "human warious."

Elbridge S. Brooks.

CELIA THAXTER'S LETTERS.*

When one says that the editors of these charming pages have done their work well, one is almost tempted to add that they have done it too well. The letters read as if the heart of them had been edited away too much.

Autobiography is interesting in two ways. The writer may have had an eventful career, full of picturesque incidents, stirring adventures, romantic episodes; he may have been a Benvenuto Cellini or a George Augustus Sala. On the other hand, his life may have been outwardly peaceful and undisturbed, while his thoughts, his emotions, his meditations were valuable, deep, and suggestive. He may have been the stuff of which poets and saints are made—an Amiel, for instance, or a Marcus Aurelius. It is in this second class we should find that marvellous girl, Marie Bashkirtseff, and that most original of all American women, Emily Dickinson, with her dark, pithy sayings, so oracular and yet so human, too. In either case the writer would be likely to leave us a body of work which would draw us powerfully; we should turn to it to slake our universal love of wilding adventure; or we should be drawn irresistibly by an echo of that world passion, that brave or plaintive communing of the soul with itself, common to us all.

In neither of these categories, however, can Celia Thaxter, so far at least as she is revealed in these letters, be said to belong. Her life was outwardly uneventful. Free, fresh, buoyant, full of large hope and beautiful deeds and unspoiled fervour; untiring in energy, unfailing in friendship, insatiable of knowledge; hers was still a career with-

* Celia Thaxter's Letters. Edited by A. F. and R. L. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50

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out strongly marked incident. She was in no sense a citizen of the world. Hers was a hearthstone life, though of the rarest and best. We should look for her letters, then, to interest us in the same way that Amiel does or Emily Dickinson. We should expect to find a book of reflections. As a matter of fact there is very little introspection in these pages. One reads on and on through a somewhat commonplace record, always expecting to find some illuminating phrase, some searching analysis, some memorable summary of experience. Celia Thaxter was a poet, a woman with unlimited heart, a lover of nature and her fellow-men. How comes it she has no more suggestive criticism of life to give us than is here? Her editors, I should imagine, have suppressed too much; that is why I am tempted to say they have done their work too well.

Their reason, however, was a very sufficient one. Mrs. Thaxter's life does not belong to the public; it still belongs to her family and her friends. If her experiences were more poignant or significant than those of most mortals, as indeed her editors hint, the public has scarcely the right to ask. With a delicacy only too rare in such cases, her two friends, who have done this labour of love for her, have carefully refrained from publishing anything of an intimate private character.

If we find the book then somewhat lacking in vitality, and almost entirely without that piercing modern note, we must solace ourselves with its pleasantness. The memoir which Mrs. Fields and Miss Lamb (one takes the "A. F." and the "R. L." of the title-page to be the two persons to whom several of the letters are addressed) have provided is temperate and readable. We come to understand something of that personal regard in which her friends held this delightful woman. Her lovely island home, anchored off the New England coast, is a picture from the history of American letters. The example of her kindly deeds and ever unspoiled enthusiasm, is a refreshing stimulus. The reader is impressed again and again with the energy and keen sense of this child of the solitary sea. She thrusts herself into every new activity with the happiest abandonment. She conducts a large household, mothers a whole colony of Norwegian settlers, and makes her stony garden a paradise for troops of summer migrants, afoot or on the wing, where she welcomes them with solicitude and ready sympathy. A life so simple, so devoted to others, so alive to beauty, was well worth its memorial in a volume such as this.

A word of unstinted praise should not be denied the publishers for a very exceptional piece of bookmaking.

Bliss Carman.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S NEW VOLUME.*

"Death! why at last he finds his treasure isle,
And he the pirate of its hidden hoard;
Life! 'twas the ship he sailed to seek it in,
And Death is but the pilot come aboard.
Methinks I see him smile a boy's glad smile
On maddened winds and waters, reefs unknown,
As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon,
And in the surf the shuddering timbers groan;
Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel:
Then—spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,
And lap of waters round the resting keel."

This is the prevailing tone of Mr. Le Gallienne's elegy. The memory of a happy life, a life, that is, happy in its effect on a circle infinitely wider than Stevenson's own acquaintance—whatever its own personal griefs and pains—colours, with a right instinct, this commemoration of his loss. The death of no other writer of our time could be to so many who had never set eyes on him so intimate and private a sorrow; yet wild lament and bitter wailing would give inappropriate expression to the keenest grief. A life so well rounded, whatever its human vicissitude and pain, a nature so gracious and gentle, constrain even a mourner with their own spirit, and Mr. Le Gallienne was poet enough, when he wrote his elegy, to write not merely with cruel, hideous death in view, but at the bidding of the still living spirit of Stevenson. And so, for sensitive harmony with its subject, it stands with honour among the not very numerous fine poems of its kind.

Mr. Le Gallienne is too good a critic to wish for uniform commendation of all his work, and there are some poems here that were perhaps not conceived or penned with much seriousness nor care.

* Robert Louis Stevenson: An Elegy and Other Poems, Mainly Personal. By Richard Le Gallienne. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.00.

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The slimness of the volume gives them a prominence probably out of proportion to their author's regard for them. Criticism need go no further. Yet for occasional and light-themed verses he has a pretty talent; witness his "Paris, half Angel, half Grisette." And if two or three be thin in matter, I cannot say there is one ill-shaped piece. Every now and again he is master of a romantic music that draws our hearts sympathetically along with it. We meet it in his "Ballad of London" and in the stanzas in which the poet who has won fame is appealed to by the "moon-led pilgrims" still struggling and climbing—

"Strait was the way, thorn-set and long—
Ah, tell us, shining there,
Is fame as wonderful as song?
And laurels in your hair!"

There may be better-shaped, as there are easier, pleasanter poems in the volume than "Tree Worship;" but the promise of strong and original poetry from Mr. Le Gallienne in the future lies there. It took more than a cultivated ear and a pretty fancy to make it. The secret doings in a wood by night are pictured by one who was there to see them—

"All the long day through, the sleeping dryad dreams,
But when the moon bends low and laps thee thence she glides,
Knowing the fairy knock, to bask within her beams.
And all the long night through, for him with eyes and ears,
She sways within thine arms and sings a fairy tune,
Till startled with the dawn, she softly disappears."

And the friendly awe with which great trees inspire mortals sane enough not to class them with inanimate objects, receives sincere and satisfying expression in

"—I hang my votive song beneath thy temple bough,
Unto thy strength I cry—Old monster be my creed!
—Give me to clasp this earth with feeding roots like thine,
To mount yon heaven with such star-aspiring head,
Fill full with sap and bud, this shrunken life of mine,
And from my boughs, oh might such stalwart sons be shed!"

Annie Macdonell.

NOVEL NOTES.

MASTER AND MAN. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated by A. Hulme Beaman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 75 cts.

Tolstoy has warm admirers who could only under severe compulsion read *The Kingdom of God is Within You*, just as he has others who read *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina*, in the rather vain hopes of extracting a gospel from them. The former had grown to think that the vein they valued was completely worked out; but the inventive faculty and the power of scenic representation, when they are as strong as they were in Tolstoy, are not easily exhausted or weakened. In his case an absorbing mission, and perhaps some ascetic principles, have had far more to do with the arrest of his artistic career than any decay of genius. The proof is, that now and again in his later peasant stories, written purposely for an uncultured audience, the old strength and beauty of phrase and incident refuse to be suppressed. Notably is this so in *Master and Man*; and surely we may be allowed to rejoice freely at the reappearance of the earlier Tolstoy. After all, next to life we learn most from art. Precept and homily have not half its reach. And the best reason for rejoicing he himself involuntarily provides. As a story-writer he is a fastidious artist; none more eager to search for the word, or, at least, the circumstance that will produce the desired effect on our imagination; there is nothing casual or haphazard in word or arrangement. He has plainly loved his imaginings, and tended them till they have become fair. In his books of precept, on the other hand, in spite of their striking thought, the form is as careless, and often as unsatisfactory as it could be. Unconsciously, and against his will, he has himself apportioned the respective values to be set on his two orders of books.

Master and Man begins in the dryest, most literal fashion, describing two commonplace persons, one a sordid

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country merchant, whose soul only stirs when he outwits a customer; the other, a ground-down, poverty-stricken peasant, a drunkard with fits of sour repentance. They take a winter journey together in a sledge, and get lost. The account of their wanderings and adventures is in its way masterly. But you are probably beginning to think you have had enough of their company—the tone and description being rigidly kept at their level, and their minds are not very lively—when the catastrophe occurs. While the deadly sleep is creeping over them they have each their own fears and visions. As a man knows his own heart best by his dreams, so these two different human hearts are revealed to us by theirs—the selfish, greedy man with his hopes still on gain, the overdriven peasant with desire for rest. Then Vassili the master makes a great effort for life, deserting the now unconscious Nikita; and if ever the terror of a desperate man in a wilderness of night and snow could be adequately suggested to the imagination, it is suggested here—by the simplest means, too. The dark spot, which might be a sheltering house, turning into a black strip of reeds, all whistling and bending before the merciless storm; the horse's tracks speaking of hope till they are discovered to be his own, and prove him to have been travelling in a circle: a few such glimpses in a short page or two keep the man's desperate case fast and vivid in our imaginations. Then comes the climax, or rather the revelation of the motive of the story. A central and sublime belief in the religion which Tolstoy literally accepts, declares that the soul, in great moments, by divine intervention, is made better than itself—a doctrine contradicted by our daily common life of sordid disappointments, but which a wider human experience, reaching beyond Christendom, faithfully corroborates. So Vassili, of the petty bargaining past, who, if a to-morrow were still granted him, would again overreach his neighbours and chuckle at his cleverness—Vassili goes back to Nikita, clasps him in his arms, wraps him in his coat, and gives him all his warmth. Thoughts and dreams crowd on him for long. "He remembered his money, his shop, his house, his buying, and his sales, and the Mironoff millions, and could not understand why the man they called Vassili Andreïtch Brekhunoff had worried over what he had worried over. . . . And he felt that he was free, and nothing further held him back. And these were the last things that Vassili Andreïtch saw, heard, and felt in this world."

Perhaps with the death of the master and the comparative safety of Nikita the tale should have ended. But we will not perversely seek for an artistic defect in a story so beautiful in conception, so masterly in development, so skilfully delicate in workmanship.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HORN. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

It is not altogether with a feeling of satisfaction that we lay down Mr. Stockton's "departure" in fiction, nor are we quite disappointed. Perhaps this impression has been induced by the puff preliminary, for though "it is unlike any novel"—we quote from the publisher's advertisement—"that has hitherto appeared from this popular writer's pen," it is not "a romance of the most adventurous kind," and it seems extraordinary to us that after *Treasure Island*, *King Solomon's Mines*, and other stories obviously brought to mind in this category, any one should deem the events "born of Mr. Stockton's imagination" as "wholly extraordinary." The adventures are of the tamest description, and the imagination which impelled them is readily identified as that of the "stay-at-home, chimney-corner, and easy-chair-loving sort," which provoked the much-travelled Stanley to this string of epithets. We remember Mr. Edward Eggleston saying that Stevenson once told him that a man couldn't write a thrilling adventure unless he took his life at least once a year in his hand and risked it. This is the stuff that *Treasure Island* is made of, and it is this element that is lacking in Captain Horn's adventures. We are all the time approaching the edge of a perilous undertaking, but the moment of suspense is never prolonged, and Mr. Stockton is always in a hurry to assure us that all is well. He hovers over the agents of his inventive fancy like a sort of Providence which never lets go, and always makes us expect the best; but, unlike Providence, he is never mysterious. Dark destiny plays no part in his

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scheme, and human passion rocking the adventurous barque to turbulent upheavals is unknown to him. The "pleasing thread of a love story" is so thin as to be almost invisible; and we feel cheated out of what could have been made a strong and interesting tale of love. But we have said enough against the claim of this novel to rank high as a romance of adventure. The protest goes no farther.

That Mr. Stockton has written a pleasant, readable story, which will keep none awake, but which may afford a few hours' quiet entertainment, undisturbed by moments of excitement, is all that can be said, yet that is saying a great deal. *The Adventures of Captain Horn* begins well, but its promise is not sustained. We soon settle down to its comfortable narration once we have divined that nothing is really going to happen. If we do not take it too seriously (as the present reviewer is in danger of doing) we shall enjoy the story for its own sake—that is to say, no story coming from Mr. Stockton's pen can be devoid of human interest, of curious and fantastic fancy, or of that charm which is well-nigh irresistible in all that he writes. Mr. Stockton has not succeeded as an "adventurer," that is all; he is not inevitable enough. He lacks the daring of a reckless imagination and the fearless force of realism which convince and carry conviction into the realm of the possible, and of which Max Pemberton has just given us a fine example in *The Impregnable City*. Mr. Stockton has gained nothing by parting company with Pomona and Jone—only for this time, let us hope. They are the best friends he has among the group of his creations.

MISS TRÄUMEREI: A Weimar Idyl. By Albert Morris Bagby. Boston: Lamson Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

Under the title of one of Schumann's most romantic short compositions Mr. Bagby has written a graceful and charming story, which breathes the very spirit of Weimar, so rich in the heritage of beauty and genius. It is refreshing to read a simple romance growing naturally out of the conditions of the book, without any attempt at character study and subtle analysis, and we therefore find the author putting his characters before the world and making them live in harmony with the scenes he has pictured with admirable fidelity. Indeed, the descriptions of the old town and the bits of German life are scattered through the story with such truth of line and charm of colour that they practically form the illustrations to the tale.

The interest of the book is greatly intensified, though not dependent upon, the intimate glimpses of the great pianist, composer and teacher, Franz Liszt, whose strange personality dominated all with whom he came in contact. As Mr. Bagby was one of the Lisztianer during the period when the bright stars were Adèle aus der Ohe, Siloti, and Arthur Friedheim, it is to be expected that he should give accurate pictures of the life of the Liszt students. With considerable skill he has selected those typical gatherings which the Lisztianer would wish to have preserved, and in which the uninitiated will find pleasure. We are taken from music-room to salon, to gardens fragrant with roses and enchanted with moonlight, on excursions to Tiefurt, to out-of-door concerts and popular resorts, and enjoy many simple pleasures made historic by the presence of Liszt. Mr. Bagby has dwelt on nothing with tiresome partiality; he seems to have consciously avoided what would be of especial delight to the musician, so that technical criticism and "shop" never overweight this light summer idyll.

The fanciful name of the heroine is only spoken on one occasion—when she is Liszt's partner at a game of whist in his house, and has dropped into a reverie, dreaming of her lover's voice singing Schubert's "Serenade." "Your lead, Miss Träumerei," says Ivan, whom we imagine to be the Russian pianist, Siloti, and this brings her truant mind back to the circle. A quotation from the music heads the opening chapter; during the progress of the story it is repeated in its minor change, and we hear it again with the epilogue, quoted in its peaceful close—a mixture of happiness and sadness, the tone in which the author bids "Aufwiedersehen" to Weimar. The story centres around the heroine, Muriel Holme, a clever pianist and an American, who has become absorbed in the musical vortex of Weimar. Muriel dwells in the historic home of Frau von Berwitz, known to visitors of Weimar by its romantic rose-gardens and ter-

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races. Here she falls in love with a fellow-countryman, named Stanford, the possessor of an exceptional voice; and the plot is simply the development of their love. All of the characters are portraits, easy for the clique of that period to recognise under their assumed names.

AN OLD MAN'S ROMANCE. By Christopher Craigie. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

Those who expect that a book entitled *An Old Man's Romance*, written by a Harvard ex-professor, will be a little tale of quiet spiritual tragedy and ironical motive are wholly mistaken. Here is no writer of the "Middle Years" nor of the end of the century. The book is the unmistakable product of a New England ideal, which has almost given up competition with our fashionable cosmopolitanism, and which the introduction describes as "the strength without the hardness of Puritanism, the earnestness without the impatience of the Western spirit, the spirituality without the coldness of Old World Culture." It is exquisitely unmodern, this *Old Man's Romance*. Instead of "local colour" and "observation," we have in sentiment and philosophy a reminiscence of Ik Marvel traditions. Instead of a brand-new heresy or scepticism of life, we have a lesson for the cynic, written by a gentle old-age conservative. And, moreover, we have a heroine who, though she wears a modern gown and goes canoeing, belongs to the period of Mr. F. O. C. Darley, rather than to that of Mr. Gibson.

The story has some of the half-gray tone of reverie and a good deal of the quiet asceticism of the elderly bachelor in its romance. The scheme is very simple. A young man meets a woman who entirely embodies his own chivalric ideal of her sex; but an unfortunate circumstance in his career loses him his right to love her; he lets her pass out of his life before she has half guessed his devotion. After years of quiet singleness he recovers the right to love, which he has modestly renounced, in his meeting with a young girl, a child of twelve. This meeting quickens in him long-disused sympathies; and when the young girl has grown to womanhood, the hero, now an old man, meets her again, and discovers in her the daughter of his first love. All the idealism of his first affection, kept pure through years of devotion to the youthful vision, is now given to her and confirmed by her nobility. It is really the story of one love in two embodiments; and Ruth, the young girl of the *Romance*, understanding its nature at the end, receives it in the spirit in which it is given. The *Romance* ends with the old man's dying words: "Ah, Life, you did not wholly cheat me, after all! At the very end—the kiss of a woman—whom I loved." The theme is not a hackneyed one, and it is developed with sincere emotion.

But even if we did not know that Christopher Craigie was a Harvard ex-professor, we should hardly think that he belonged to the literary craft. The distinctly autobiographic note of the story and a certain inexperience in the style are signs of the writer who has "just some idle mornin' strayed into the schüle." There is distinct evidence of literary ability and of a delicate though untrained observation, which is perhaps most successful in that delicious picture of the baby flirtation in church, but we fancy this is not precursive of a literary career. And yet half the charm of the story is its unprofessional air, and its significance is that of Raphael's one sonnet.

THE WISH. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German, by Lily Henkel. Biographical Introduction by Elizabeth Lee. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

We are inclined to accept this book alone on the value which the biographical introduction gives it. Though suspicion is apt to be aroused by the warmth of the critic, who is more eulogist than critic, the knowledge of Sudermann and his writings which it contributes makes it welcome. We will also go so far as to admit, with the biographer, that *The Wish*, which follows in these pages as an example of Sudermann's work, is "a powerful psychological study, set forth with wonderful directness and simplicity." But we are not prepared to commend it so highly as does his devoted student. Indeed, this specimen of the German novelist's work, gauged by Joubert's maxim that "fiction has no business to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality," makes the maxim, which is intended to uphold Sudermann as one of the great masters, perilously dangerous to that position if

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we are to judge him by this translated story. It seems such a waste of power, such a perversion of art, to create a situation so cruel and so unrealisable as that which here exists for the purpose of exhibiting an expert psychological diagnosis of a diseased organism; for we refuse to believe that any sane woman would commit suicide under pressure of moral conviction that she had killed her sister, wife to the man she loved, by a "wish," long unexpressed in her subconsciousness, and at last expressed by a sudden impulse. Better and saner is the thought of Milton, that

> "Evil into the mind of God or man
> May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
> No spot or blame behind."

In spite of the biographer's claim that Sudermann's work is opposed to the spirit of decadence, we submit that it is just such moral subversion of the divine insight into human nature, which Sudermann undoubtedly possesses, that shows a tendency to degeneration. We trust that the next novel of this powerful German author to be Englished will show a more healthy trend of mind and redeem him from this imputation which is tardily laid upon him.

A MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY, AND OTHER STORIES. By William Henry Shelton. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

This is an ideal book for summer reading and for the dozy hours. The narrator has that quality of garrulous egotism which imparts so pleasant a flavour to the telling of a good story. And capital stories these are, told with the merriment and loquaciousness which might be expected of an old soldier who had learnt the art around the camp-fire with the silent stars watching solemnly overhead. Their dignified ease of style and literary charm are contagious, and you want to tell the story over again to some one else, or to urge your next neighbour to read them, that the pleasure of retaining them in the mind may be prolonged. "A Man Without a Memory" is the story of a soldier who has lain for thirty years insensible in the hospital at Sharpsburg, consequent on some wound in the skull, which has suspended consciousness during that period. The mingling of pathos and humour in the situation of poor Tom Johnson, as he is brought back to life to find himself aged without knowing it, is finely done, and we are provoked to laughter which is akin to tears at his serio-comic *contretemps*.

> "I was twenty-three a few days ago, when I was killed," replied Tom (to the Doctor's query), looking steadfastly at the image of the old fellow in the glass.
> "And what year was that?" continued the Doctor.
> "It was '62," said Tom Johnson.
> "And it is '92 this morning," remarked the Doctor, keeping a steady eye on his patient.
> "'92!" exclaimed Tom Johnson. "'92," he repeated, looking back at his grizzled image in the glass; "that accounts for that old beggar I have been studying since daylight. But for God's sake, Doctor," he exclaimed, springing to his feet, "where have I been in that interval of thirty years? How old am I now? Not fifty-three?"
> "Yes, my friend," said the Doctor; "you are fifty-three, and during that long interval, dating from the day and hour when you received your wound on this field, *you have been a man without a memory*.

The story of Uncle Obadiah tramping from one town to another year in, year out, with the interminable question on his lips, "Perhaps you might know of a youngster hereabouts of the name of Frederick Brown?" is the most touching among many moving episodes in these reminiscences, real or imagined, of the Civil War. The boy that never was found, but ever eluded the unwearied search of the spare old man in blue tatters, and the Uncle Billy (General Sherman) who was carried to his long home ere the Private Obadiah Brown he had known in action was able to reach him for news of his boy, throw a mist of tears around the old veteran "of six wounds and one medal . . . the sixth for his youngest boy, 'missing' after the battle." "The Missing Evidence in 'The People *vs.* Dangerking,'" is patterned after the mystery or detective story so popular nowadays, in which the transatlantic traveller will find amusement at the author's persistent blunder in making the Anchor liner "Furnessia" sail from Liverpool, when the steamship in question always sails from Glasgow. "The Wedding Trip of Mrs. Zaintree (born Greenleaf)" is the other of the only two stories in the collection which are not drawn from the soldier's experience. In these two stories we see Mr. Shelton in a lighter vein, and their abundant rejuvenescence convinces us that if they were not written when the author was still young in years, they are certainly the work of

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one not yet grown old in spite of Time's carping claims.

TENEMENT TALES OF NEW YORK. By J. W. Sullivan. Buckram Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

The old doctrine of the blessedness of poverty had a long vogue in fiction. The grimy walks of life were piously held to be those in which the virtues could be practised with most effect; though the doctrine did not exclude the simultaneous holding of the opinion that the poor folks who ought to be pious were very objectionable. Recent pictures of poor life have mostly been in shades of black and gray, very pessimistic, and generally cynical. This is the other extreme. But human nature is not so much a slave to circumstance. It is essentially capricious and lawless, abounding in surprises and contradictions which are continually upsetting statisticians and causing endless annoyance to grave theorists. But those artists who dwell on the darker side of the slums avoid the smug insult with which the milk and rose-water school too often offends the hard-beset. They, at least, respect the truth and recognise the difficulties of sweet reasonableness in the life engulfed amid filth and hunger and bestial surroundings, nor are they guilty of the not readily venial sin of patronising the poor. And not forgetting the claims of art, we still feel inclined to emphasise the mission of charity which literature through this innovation must subserve in stimulating the ends of a true philanthropy.

Tenement Tales of New York is a cross between Mr. Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* and Mr. Nevinson's *Slum Stories*. What these two writers have done for London Mr. Sullivan has essayed for New York. There is much of the pitiless, coarse, and brutal element in his tales, as there is mingled with them some of the happy, light touches which make Mr. Nevinson's pictures of sordid Whitechapel bearable. It is a positive relief amid the dread pathos and tragedy that are prevalent in these sketches to come on "Minnie Kelsey's Wedding" with its happy ending, and "Leather's Banishment" with its door of escape. They grip with a fierce, relentless power, almost to suffocation, and one feels that their realism is agony piled up on occasion; the trick is too obvious and its artifice soon undoes the ends of art. Still with these inherent defects to which the nature of the subject largely contributes, there is palpable truth in these pictures of slum-life, and not a little of it that is convincing and moving. But oh! the irony and hopeless misery which seems to be the conclusion of the whole matter—a boy's dying prayer for his drunken father a vain petition; a girl's desperate endeavour to save her virtue gained only by suicide; a poor Italian fruit-vendor's simple efforts to make an honest livelihood going down amid the mocking laughter of human devils; a starved sweater seeking to sustain the purity of his home, but hunted down by man's inhumanity to an ignominious death in the streets.

Grimly powerful are these stories, all of them, but we must not forget that they only present a part of life and not the whole of it, else the result would be an unwholesome depression. A little reflection will show that the close bringing together of such things makes them seem more frequent and darker than they are. It reminds one of the description of the lazar house in "Paradise Lost" shown to Adam by the angel as a picture of the results of the Fall.

THE GRASSHOPPERS. By Mrs. Andrew Dean (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick). New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00.

"Mrs. Andrew Dean" is one of the very few clever satirists in England at this moment, and one of the very cleverest among these. We long for a little more gentleness from her sometimes towards the things and persons satirised. Hers is not the indifferent laughter of a wit who sees the ridiculous side of what it neither much approves nor disapproves. She satirises what she feels strongly about, what she dislikes, and, let it be owned, what is very unlovable, and only too familiar. The vulgarities, the stupidities, the selfishness of English, but more especially of German society, she pounces on with hawk-like certainty. A contrast is always presented, and her gentler pictures have an attractive refinement about them, though less strength than those in crueller tones. The "grasshoppers" are the widow and daughters of a ruined city man, all three amiable, one of them clever and keenly alive to their past improvidence and

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their future responsibilities, but bound fast by the helplessness, the childish rashness and incapacity of the two others. They seek a refuge with a German relative, which gives Mrs. Sidgwick an opportunity for a merciless satire on the uncouthness, the selfishness, the worldliness, the dulness, the conservatism of the prosperous circles of Hamburg. Let Hamburg answer. The picture, accurate or not, is savagely amusing. How the amiable, childish, hopelessly extravagant mother dies, mainly of hardship, and how the flighty daughter marries for a home the suitor rejected by her sister, how Hilary is then free to try to earn a miserable, starvation living, till an old lover turns up to give her also a home; all this makes a pathetic story, very true to life, and reflecting not too harshly the circumstances of many grasshoppers that have sung all summer, and are helpless against the winter cold. Mrs. Sidgwick's cleverness is shown nowhere better than in the character of Hansen, which is a masterpiece of invention or photography. A German of a familiar type, narrow, conservative, uncouth, industrious, successful, warm-hearted, tenderly affectionate, ruling his belongings with a benevolent and generous despotism: such is Hansen, a man for an English girl to laugh at, till suddenly he makes music, and then the laugher wonders where that rough, prosaic merchant has disappeared to. Mrs. Sidgwick has done what she set out to do without bungling. We have not met with an abler novel than hers for many months.

A MODERN PAGAN. By Constance Goddard du Bois. New York: The Merriam Company. $1.50.

There is a story here, although a hackneyed one—that of a free-thinking, irresponsible artist brought to know himself and to believe in God and man and duty through the unfaltering trust and love of a wife who is accomplished, beautiful, and a saint; but neither the characters nor their development are realised with truth nor graced with artistic merit. The types have been caught from conventional moulds, yet granting this and the conception of the story to be commonplace, there was still an opportunity for considerable literary power and the gifted eye of imagination that sees into the life of things to raise them above a common level and endue them with more human interest than the present author has succeeded in doing. If she has failed where others would have succeeded, it has been chiefly through lack of the power to see life as a whole, and added to this defective human vision the lack of a wholesome sense of humour, which in nine cases out of ten damns the work of the "lady novelist." An example of this is seen in the closing chapter of *A Modern Pagan*, in which the artist of Bohemia, now clothed and in his right mind, sits at the feet of his reconciled wife, and contemplates beginning a new life with her. This rival of Beethoven "has an organ and a choir at Mr. Baker's Baptist church. Composing, you know, is not to be depended on as a source of income. Allen Grant expects me to play the organ every Friday evening at his chapel, and on spare nights I give a performance on the melodeon at his coffee-house. You must go with me, dearest, and sing Moody and Sankey hymns to please the dwellers in the slums."

We agree with Massey, his wife, that the only religion is the religion of service, but true religion makes the artist serve best by fulfilling his noblest functions and elevating mankind by the perfection of art in whatsoever things are lovely, pure, and of good report; not necessarily by playing the melodeon or singing Moody and Sankey's hymns in the slums like a converted clown or a reformed drunkard.

'LISBETH WILSON. A Daughter of New Hampshire Hills. By Eliza Nelson Blair (Mrs. Henry W. Blair). Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.

'*Lisbeth Wilson* is next of kin to Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke;* indeed, so strongly does it recall some of the scenes and incidents of that novel as to make us suspect that but for *Pembroke* Mrs. Blair's story would not have been written. The book is saturated with the New England air, and only one who had lived the story to a large extent could have produced the painfully real impressions and the personal note which are conveyed by autobiography. The elements of the tale are compounded of the old-time religious and social differences which made tragic circumstances common in the lives of Puritan New

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England not so long ago. There is little originality either in the construction of the story or in its characters. Told in a short story, the events would have gathered force and vigour and been remarkable in the hands of an artist, but drawn out to the length of nearly 400 pages it becomes tedious. Still, for those who like a story told in a leisurely way, and who enjoy the meandering talk of these homely New Hampshire people, there is entertainment galore in these pages; for Mrs. Blair has a fine sense of humour and a rare appreciation of a good situation; her sensitive, refined manner of narration, the delicate penetration into character at some points, and the enjoyment which she has evidently taken in the work, all conspire to make her first book a worthy addition not only to our stock of summer novels, but to the literary presentment of a certain phase of life in New England, and of the great, deep needs of humanity underlying its ever-varying forms.

A STUDY IN PREJUDICES. By George Paston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

A Study in Prejudices has undoubtedly been written to catch the taste of the hour, and for this reason, that it truckles to the rough-shod fashion of trampling on the sanctities of the married life, one is inclined to condemn it without hearing. But a fair review of the book shows it to be written from a more independent standpoint than the bulk of modern erotic fiction. The heroine, who has been brought up in a frivolous and rather vulgar circle, is addicted to flirting in a highly improper manner, and yet, as is not uncommon, she is innocent at heart, intelligent, and fascinating. The problematic trend of the story begins with the entrance of Dormer, the very type of pharasaic respectability, but withal a man of considerable literary talent, and with a *penchant* arising out of his abstract idealism for the purely domestic woman of the ancient school, as the New Woman would put it. The union between him and Cecily is sanctified by love, but some of her old flirtations coming to his ears, he discards her. It is a pity that at this stage George Paston thought it necessary to give Miles Dormer a "past," for it is an evident imitation of present conventions, and was not altogether needed for the consistency of the story.

But we fail to be convinced by the personality of Dormer. His acting throughout is scarcely simple enough and of a piece with his character and mental attributes. His gift of imagination, at least, ought to have saved him, and it is hard to believe that one who pondered on the currents of modern life could act as he did, much less talk the pedantic rubbish of which Dormer is guilty. That Dormer is presumably a century behind the times in ordinary social and domestic matters does not preclude him from being informed on subjects of ordinary discussion. Dormer is an incongruity, and we can only accept him for the sake of the demonstration of the problem. The story is worth telling, for these obstinate survivals do exist, and it is worth reading if only to become acquainted with some of the prejudices which persist in asserting themselves, and when taken seriously not infrequently cause annoyance if not disaster.

WOMEN'S TRAGEDIES. By H. D. Lowry.
AT THE FIRST CORNER. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Keynotes Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.

Listen to my tale of woe! would seem at first glance of Mr. Lowry's title to be the burden of his book. But in spite of the unfortunate name given to the collection of short stories contained in this volume, the contents are found on perusal to be more inviting. Two thirds of the stories are women's tragedies, and if read hard after one another we must confess that the effect is rather gloomy, but taken at random these Cornish tales are exceptionally good and evince a quiet, reserved power and a fine sensibility. Mr. Lowry is an able writer who uses few words and uses them with pith and vigour. His pathos is strong, but undiluted with that keen sense of humour which makes life endurable; he inclines too readily to the sombre and gray tints in his pictures of Cornish life. More sunshine would soften the dark outlines; what he needs is a deeper faith in the possibilities of human love and kindliness, and an intelligence of the fact that life is not all weariness and sorrow. Especially is this applicable to the short story; a long story may successfully

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maintain an unrelieved gloom from beginning to end, but it is simply literary suicide to expect it in a series of short ones ; the effect, instead of increasing the tragic interest, is to minimise the strong impression made by each forerunner. But Mr. Lowry's volume of stories is well worth possessing for frequent perusal, for it is literature in its best sense. Refinement and restraint and a poetic handling of his themes make *Women's Tragedies* one of the best volumes of the Keynotes Series, and a notable volume at that.

Mr. Marriott Watson's new book of short stories contains the best work he has yet done. All of them are of equal power and are exceedingly well written. They exhibit a mind of high literary talents and an imaginative faculty for choosing an interesting theme in every case. There is a dainty avoidance of the hackneyed phrase, and a grim pleasure is taken in dragging to the light the disagreeable and sordid elements of a life which we would rather appear to ignore even if we are conscious of its existence. The stories are far from being agreeable ; indeed, the strongest impression one carries away from the book is one of sordidness and disgust and moral nausea. In "The Edge of the Precipice," champagne and hysteria are the principal factors, and the Zolaesque naturalism of most of the stories causes a revolt within us even while it has power to fascinate.

THE VENGEANCE OF JAMES VANSITTART. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, $1.00 ; paper, 50 cts.

Revenge is an ugly passion, and Mrs. Needell is far too true an artist to concentrate attention on it. James Vansittart has been grievously wronged by his own brother, who by death escapes him ; but his child survives, and on this child the vengeance is wreaked. He is carefully educated in the idea that he is to inherit his uncle's wealth, carefully and luxuriously educated by James Vansittart as a part of his plan. Accepted in society as the millionaire's heir, Maurice, the nephew, wins the heroine, Diana Charteris, an ideal young woman who, though conscious of the weaknesses of her lover, and conscious of an entire absence of love on her own part, marries him for the sake of her father and family, who are entangled in debt and all the disabilities of poverty. And now falls the vengeance. James Vansittart repudiates Maurice, and sets him adrift on a life for which he has carefully given him the worst possible preparation. Here the interest of the book begins. For it is really not a study of revenge, but of the trial of a noble woman placed in such circumstances with aggravations too numerous to particularise. This prolonged trial is depicted with extraordinary power, and raises the novel to an unusually high plane. Diana Charteris is one of the noblest and most attractive characters created by modern fiction.

THE HEAD OF A HUNDRED. Being an Account of Certain Passages in the Life of Humphrey Huntoon, Esq., Sometyme an Officer in the Colony of Virginia. Edited by Maude Wilder Goodwin. Boston : Little, Brown & Co. $1.00.

The Head of a Hundred is a pleasant reversion to the healthy school of fiction, an honest tale of the adventures of an honourable if timid gentleman whose faint heart well-nigh lost him his fair lady. The events take place during the reigns of James and Charles of England, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, among the early settlers in Virginia. It is as sweet and pure a piece of fiction as we have read for many a day, breathing, as it does, the same noble air, the lofty tone, and the wholesome sentiment of *Lorna Doone*. Betty Romney is one of those healthily happy women, despite all their tribulations, whom we learn to admire and to whom we bow in homage, a woman to inspire and evoke the manlier qualities in him who proves her mate. The story is written with historical verisimilitude, is handled with delicacy and refinement, and shows considerable literary ability.

WATER TRAMPS ; OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "SEA BIRD." By George Herbert Bartlett. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

The reviewer to whom we sent this little book returned it the next day with the telegraphic dispatch : "Too long ; too much fish, poor punning, and nothing to recommend it in the way of wit or style." This is perhaps an exceptional view, and will not be shared by many who are willing to be entertained even at the expense of time, credulity, and wordy fireworks. *Water Tramps* is modelled on Mr. Jerome's *Three Men in*

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a Boat and "R. Andom's" *We Three and Troddles*, and being an imitation, it suffers by comparison. It is a humorous account of the shifts which four young New York students are put to in bringing about a summer outing on a joint capital of four dollars and eighty-five cents. With this start they hire the yacht *Sea Bird*, and trusting to luck for the payment of the rent, they set sail for Sandy Hook, where they run into a large school of bluefish and have a wonderful catch.

The recital goes on to recount their experiences in trying to find a market for their fish; their embarrassing encounters with friends, and the straits they enter in dissembling with them; their marvellously economical bills of fare (each of which is minutely rendered); their exciting adventure with shipwrecked sailors whom they rescue from a burning oil-laden barque, and finally the happy love-ending on board the steam yacht *Bianca*, where their escapades are explained as mackereling for "the Fresh Air Fund" and the "Envelope Collection Bluefish." There is material in the book for a very creditable short story; but the spice of variety is lacking in the repetition of events which pad the pages unwarrantably to their present length. Yet if you are not in a hurry and like entertainment long drawn out, these water tramps will make you pleasant company while the mood lasts.

MAUREEN'S FAIRING, AND OTHER STORIES. By Jane Barlow. Iris Series. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

The stories here are of earlier date than the *Irish Idylls*, so let no reader moan over them as the degenerate signs of over-production. Some three or four of them might have been born in a humbler place than Miss Barlow's brain; they are a trifle tame. But the weakest escape from the commonplace by her gently humorous touch and the refinement of their spirit. And if "An Escape," "Mac's Luncheon," and "The Murphys' Supper" be only at most nice stories, they have two companions which are masterpieces. "Stopped by Signal" is worthy of a place of honour among the best of her work. The discontent of a poor family, after they have sent an aged and superfluous member away to another home, their several determination to get him back before he reaches his destination, their desperate stratagem by which they stop the train with a tale of Thady McClusky's black bull "pitchforkin' a way at the sleepers and metal with his skivers of ould horns that's the len'th of the divil's backbone," and their hauling of the bewildered old man out of the window and back to the loved home where he has spent his poverty-stricken life, make one of those moving combats of smiles and tears in which Miss Barlow reveals the very heart of Ireland. And hardly less delightful is the scene in *Maureen's Fairing* where Rody invents for his blind sister tales of the fairy cattle-fair out of the swarming, scuttling rabbits on the old Rath. The best in this little volume raises still higher our gratefulness for the beauty of Miss Barlow's imagination.

THE ROMANCE OF A SWORD. By George Duval. New York: The Merriam Company. $1.50.

The Romance of a Sword is a contribution to the waning Napoleonic fad. The author has woven a story around some real events in the life of the hero of Lodi, and on no occasion permits any criticism of the great soldier to creep in. The sword that plays so conspicuous a part in the tale was the weapon of Henry IV., which, secured by Napoleon, is made to flash in and out of the momentous occurrences in the Corsican's life. The story ends when the great ceremony of crowning the Emperor at Nôtre Dame comes to a close. Josephine is a familiar figure; but there is a conspicuous effort made to show that she was untrue to her vows—as if, after the Barras Memoirs, anything more in that direction were wanting. Duval's romance has been compared with Weyman's work, and also with that of Dumas. But it lacks the clearness of the former and the sparkle and dash of the latter. The baldest narrative of episodes in the great Corsican's life would be interesting, and that is one sufficient reason why a perusal of *The Romance of a Sword* should entertain. The events of interest crowd upon each other thick and fast, and although there is at times a halting in the style, it is lost sight of in the crash of action. There is no promise of permanence in the work. It bears the impression of the imitator, and is not in a broad sense an artistic production. The recital, how-

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ever, will hold the interest of the casual reader, and repay him for the time and effort spent upon it.

A STREET IN SUBURBIA. By Edwin W. Pugh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

The present volume, though dedicated to Madame Sarah Grand, pays her no homage or imitation, and is a distinct exception to the prevalent studies of modern womankind. It is another book to be classed with Mr. Morrison's *Tales of Mean Streets* and Mr. Nevinson's *Slum Stories of London*, for it is a series of studies of poor life in London —not in Suburbia at all—neither very gloomy nor very rose-coloured. It is less of a whole than the other two; the temper underlying the sketches is more varied, as are the phases of life presented; its introduction of educated and aspiring persons, indeed, is enough to make a wide variation. The stories are unequal; there is not one, however, but proclaims itself to be the work of a writer of distinct talent. "The Old School," not a story, but a sketch—from life, surely—is excellent; so is "The First and Last Meeting," a humorous tale of a formal discussion that was threatening to be an awful failure from general incapacity and quarrelsomeness, when a fluent and original stranger lifted his voice and made every one listen, till he came to "Gentlemen, I have in this satchel a preparation—" The meeting dispersed, and the quack gathered half the audience around him and did an excellent business. The story of the literary failure, Harry Cummers, is good, too, and very wholesome; but perhaps the most genuinely humorous is "A Small Talk Exchange," a masterly study in infant cynicism and in other things. There is no very general view of the struggle of life in London to be gained from Mr. Pugh's sketches, and it would be hard to make a theory out of them. But there is a deal of human nature which has been learnt from kindly contact with human beings.

THE NOVELS OF H. DE BALZAC. New Translation. Edited by George Saintsbury. Vol. I., The Wild Ass's Skin (La Peau de Chagrin). New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

The first volume of Mr. Saintsbury's beautiful edition of Balzac has at last made its *début*. Published by the Messrs. Dent, of London, and the Messrs. Macmillan, in New York, it makes its appearance auspiciously. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction is in his usual excellent manner, not always felicitous in style (we have too many expressions like this: "Mr. Wedmore, the latest writer in English on Balzac at any length"), but unimpeachable in accuracy, acute in criticism, and especially just and patient in the appreciation of character. In France we understand that the great romancer is out of date. He is, according to a recent critic, *assommant*, but his work has in it the elements of undying life. Mr. Saintsbury says that with Balzac, as with some others, but not with the larger number, the sense of greatness increases the longer and more fully he is studied. His work is never born of the surface of the mind. True, much good literature is but a surface crop, but never great literature. His pictures of the everlasting conflict between men and fate, of the hell within the heart, must certainly endure and separate him very widely from Dickens, with whom Mr. Saintsbury compares him. They separate him also, far more decisively, from the bacilli of the later French romancers, slaves of the neurosis of the gutter air they breathe.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL. By M. E. Francis. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

"M. E. Francis" has written a good tale for family consumption, but it is a step backward from *The Story of Dan*, and several steps backward from *In a North Country Village*. The workmanship is very good, but the matter is a little poor—poorer than she need ever give us, at least; for that she possesses considerable invention and originality has been proved in her former tales. By its refinement and its literary form it is far removed from the commonplace; but a little analysis of our dissatisfaction at the close reveals the fact that it is merely one of the old well-worn Sunday-school tales, with a little sensation introduced, the whole impregnated by the writer's essential refinement, and shaped by her literary powers, which are distinctly above the average. The characters are better conceived than the story; but the man with the past who marries the "daughter of the soil," and who, loving her for her purity, afterwards reviles her because she goes back to her father when a for-

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mer wife turns up, is a somewhat incredible person. The narrow, rigid, loyal, and unattractive cousin is better, while his mother, inconsequent, good-natured, and worldly, is the success of the book. But "M. E. Francis's" next success should not be with a minor actor.

THE PRINCE OF BALKISTAN. By Allen Upward. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.

Mr. Upward's variation of the detective story is a great success. And besides its detective interest, it has another feature which will be attractive to a large number of readers; the scene is laid in one of the Eastern European states, an easily recognisable principality, which has come into existence recently, and which has experienced much troublesome interference from Russia. Without being completely a *roman à clef*, the reader of newspapers will very easily identify some of the personages, and will be familiar with the circumstances which suggested to Mr. Upward some part of his plot. The detective, Mr. Verriter, is called away from his roses on the banks of the Thames, and in the disguise of an American mining speculator, does miracles of divination and discovery with regard to the Russian intrigues against the Prince of Balkistan. The story maintains its interest from beginning to end, but it does not fulfil the romantic promise of the Prologue.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

OUTRE MER: AMERICAN IMPRESSIONS. By Paul Bourget. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Had a book like this appeared fifty years ago it would have been hailed with great joy, for in those days we

M. PAUL BOURGET.

were a thin-skinned people and inordinately anxious to know what others thought about us. A volume written with an earnest purpose by a foreigner of distinction, endowed with great powers of observation, and animated by a more than friendly feeling—what a godsend this would have been to the Americans of 1845, exasperated by the sneers and falsehoods of Basil Hall, Mrs. Trollope, Dickens, and other less distinguished *picadores!* But, like most good things in this world, M. Bourget's book comes as a belated blessing. We have ceased to care what foreigners think about us, partly because a foreigner is no longer a novelty, and partly because we have outgrown our period of national self-consciousness. As a matter of fact, in these latter days we prefer abuse to flattery—it is so much more amusing; and therefore an exasperated yelp like that of Sir Lepel Griffin, or an amusing skit such as Max O'Rell provides, will find ten readers for every one who purchases a book like the one before us. Not that M. Bourget is invariably complimentary; far from it. He is evidently very much depressed by our bigness and crudeness and noise and lack of repose. He finds everything pitched in altogether too high a key. Our men are too much in earnest. Our women are distinguished by what he chooses to call a "chaste depravity." There is altogether too much bustle and hurry and agitation for his nerves, and it is easy to see that when he finishes his book and takes leave of us and turns once

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more to the Boulevards and his own particular corner of his own particular café, he heaves a profound sigh of very genuine relief. Nevertheless, it is equally evident that he greatly admires our country from many points of view, and that he thinks our experiment destined for ultimate success; and he has very admirably analysed a great many characteristic features of American life without even the slightest shade of unfriendliness or of exaggeration. One would like, however, to ask why it is that every Frenchman who writes about America always sets down a long string of anecdotes related to him by other Frenchmen, and detailing all sorts of adventures that never by any possibility could have happened in this or any other country in the world. M. Bourget never saw any of these strange things himself, any more than did M. de Varigny, whose book we reviewed some months ago, but each of them has several mysterious compatriots whom many incredible adventures befell, all of which are duly detailed for the delectation of their fellow-countrymen. Barring these things, however, which may be viewed merely as literary seasoning, there is no trace of anything grotesque in any portion of the narrative. The volume is copyrighted by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and, as is generally known, the chapters first appeared in the *New York Herald*. Possibly for this reason, much of the interest which the book would naturally have inspired has been largely discounted by the public who perused the separate portions when they were printed in the columns of that journal.

THE STORY OF PRIMITIVE MAN. By Edward Clodd. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 40 cts.

A PRIMER OF EVOLUTION. By Edward Clodd. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cts.

The contributions to the Library of Useful Stories promise, by their scientific value and intellectual thoroughness, to mark a new era in the issue of popular handbooks of science. As a rule, these ventures at popularisation of the arts and sciences for the multitude aim at profit for the publisher rather than for the reader, and cheapness generally means impoverisation of the subject and its treatment at the hands of those commissioned to supply the material. But the two little volumes already issued in Messrs. Appleton's Library of Useful Stories prove their genuine worth, and show that these publishers have a conscience as well as a laudable purpose in the publication of this series—the present volume, *The Story of Primitive Man*, having been placed in the care of one who is at once a recognised authority and an artist in words. In *The Story of Primitive Man* Mr. Clodd reviews man's place in the earth's life-history and time-history, and follows the traces of his existence down through the ancient stone age, the newer stone age to the age of metals. Numerous illustrations accompany the text, and a selected list of books appended to it "fulfils the twofold purpose of indicating the authorities who have been consulted in its preparation, and of telling the reader where fuller information on the several subjects dealt with is to be found."

A Primer of Evolution, by the same author, is an abridgment of that most interesting and valuable book, *The Story of Creation*. Primers, as a rule, are dry-as-dust in their material and method, but this one is a grand exception, chiefly because it has been inspired by the author's ambition to bring the substance of his larger and more technical work within the reach of all. Mr. Clodd is a thoroughgoing evolutionist. He does not see "gaps," as Professor Drummond does. "Vast as are the differences between the highest and lowest mental actions, there is no break in the series, which advances along the line of animal instinct and intelligence, and ends with the complex movements of the brain of civilised man, with its infinite modes of response to infinite stimuli." "The moral code advances with civilisation; conscience is a growth." There is a fascination in Mr. Clodd's treatment of plants and their infinite likeness to the animal world. But over all his pages there is a spell which compels our unwearied attention; the style is genial and yet dignified; the narrative proceeds with ease and charm and lucidity, and is delightfully entertaining while imparting knowledge and encouraging observation. The illustrations are few and simple, but well chosen. In contributing an index to both of these books Mr. Clodd has further evinced his care and painstaking effort to meet the needs of the many.

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LOTOS-TIME IN JAPAN. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

Mr. Finck has made travelling almost a steady occupation, and his last volume is only one of many descriptive tomes that bear his name. Few who have written about the Island Empire have been better equipped for the work than Mr. Finck. He fairly steeped himself in the literature of the subject before venturing on the journey; his work would therefore seem to be worthy of considerable attention, as indeed it proves to be when he drops the merely descriptive and pleasantly talks of Oriental wonders that have come under his observation.

Mr. Finck visited Japan during lotos-time, in July and August. It is the most fascinating period of the Japanese year, and, as the author remarks, gives exceptional opportunities for observation and study. A visit to the famous volcanic Fugi, the most striking feature of the island landscape, is vividly described. With the eyes of a trained newspaper correspondent he sees and presents in a lively fashion the characteristic traits of the people. Mr. Finck does not go into raptures over everything Japanese, as is the custom with some writers. He sees the blemishes and blotches, but the beauties of the land are predominant in his eyes—beauties of character, of nature and of human nature.

The traveller has ample opportunities of observing the characteristics of a people. He is forced to rub against nearly all classes. Mr. Finck has treasured up his experiences and balances his knowledge of the Orient with the Occident. He makes a free avowal in favour of the Orient. He claims that the Japanese is more natural, that he is altruistic, and the narrative in the volume bears out this conclusion. He contrasts him with the artificiality of the American and European life as a conglomerate whole. The American, the author declares, is egotistic, self-satisfied; the Japanese is free from self-seeking, considerate, full of the true humanitarian instinct. In other words, the people who gave China a thrashing are natural Christians, without a general knowledge of Christ. The celerity with which the nation's rulers accept and put to experiment practical suggestions derived from other civilisations leads to the hope that some of the most serious evils of the social condition of the people will be eradicated ere the dawn of the next century. Mr. Finck has combined the speculative with the descriptive in such a manner that neither infringes upon the other, and the result is a charming and, at this juncture, an instructive volume.

MARIANA. By José Echegaray. Translated by James Graham. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.00.

It was hard on Señor Echegaray to be introduced to English readers by *A Son of Don Juan*, a mere adaptation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and his translator has done well to give us with so little delay a much more creditable specimen of the Spanish dramatist's work. *Mariana* contains strong passages. Well interpreted, it would be certainly an effective stage play. Its story holds the imagination and the sympathies, and the *dramatis personæ* are living human beings with distinct individualities. Mariana, the central figure, is unusually interesting. Under a capricious, teasing, unstable mien, she hides a capacity for deep and lasting affection; but she denies the capacity even to herself, thinking she is altogether disillusioned and sceptical. Her childhood and youth have been sordidly unhappy. At last love for the passionate Daniel triumphs over her outside coldness, but only before she discovers that his father, now an invalid living in great retirement, is the man who, under an assumed name, had caused the tragedy of her mother's life and for her own childhood. Her nature revolts from an alliance with the son. But, loving him still, she takes refuge against her passion in a marriage with another suitor, an elderly soldier, a man of determined will, jealous and pertinacious in his affection, whose nature is to crush whatever opposes him. When her old lover visits her after her marriage, she finds the situation intolerable. She discovers his presence to her husband, and incites him to do the worst. He accepts the invitation. Mariana falls by his hand, and the two men are left preparing for a combat of life and death. But the effort will only be on one side. For, as Daniel says, "There was only one life that was worth combating for; and that lies

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there. What matters for such lives as ours?" The situation is strong. It is not melodrama, but genuine human suffering we feel in the last scene, and the treatment of the story is dignified throughout. Don Castulo, an archæological bore, who victimises all who come near his museum, supplies the relieving comedy now and again, though some readers, like his immediate victims, will be a little apt to yawn over him and his treasures. Yet he is shrewd with all his pedantry, as when he says, "Put in a bottle a fool of our own days: preserve him for six thousand years, and see if, when he is unbottled at the proper time in the coming ages, the wisest man of the seventy-ninth century can compare with him." Of the literary value of Echegaray's play it is impossible to judge from the present translation, which is rigid, awkward, and timid.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. V., April, 1895. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50 net.

Certain occurrences in London of recent date, which it is not necessary to mention more specifically, have had a very marked influence upon the tone of the present number of the *Yellow Book*. It is not only free from any suspicion of moral slime, but, in its literary features at least, appears to have abandoned its former eccentricity. It opens with the magnificent "Hymn to the Sea," by Mr. Watson, upon which we made some comments in the June BOOKMAN, and its principal stories are far more wholesome than most of those that Mr. Harland has heretofore admitted to his paper. In fact, they have a curious resemblance to one another in that they emphasise the nobility of self-denial. Miss Ella D'Arcy depicts a more or less improbable Englishman resisting the wiles of an equally improbable American maid. Mr. Harland himself celebrates the heroic virtue of a young Neapolitan; and Mr. Crackanthorpe enlarges on the same theme. The most powerful story is that of James Ashcroft Noble—a story wholly literary, and instinct with genuine pathos. The illustrations are not at all noticeable. Mr. Beardsley's name does not appear among those of the artists, and the other regular contributors appear to be more or less depressed in mind. There are several portraits, among them one of George Egerton; a sulky girl looking into a mirror; a young lady putting on her shoes and stockings; a music-hall singer in a fog; and on the cover a girl lying on a very uncomfortable divan, suspended apparently over the bottomless pit in which float a French *caniche* whose tail has been neatly bisected, and a tray with liqueurs.

MADONNA'S CHILD. By Alfred Austin. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.00.

This charming poem has been taken out of its setting in *The Human Tragedy*, where it first appeared more than twenty years ago, and is now published separately. It is complete in itself, and as to many it always seemed the most attractive of the episodes in the longer poem, it will now have a better chance of readers. This "Romance of the Riviera" is in soft, mild tones; now and again one is tempted to call it sugary rather than sweet, but only in a few feeble passages; real gentleness, not weakness, is its character, and in simple fashion Mr. Austin draws pictures of the fair land and sea and the guileless ministrant in the temple, that are not read merely to be forgotten. It is a soothing music he makes in such verse as this:

"He saw her with the streaming sunlight come
Over the hills, over the mountains grey;
He heard her in the rising dawn-wind's hum,
He felt her in the warmth of glowing day.
She sang to him when all the groves were dumb,
Walked the long sands, leaving no print the while,
And in the rippling wave infused her smile."

THE WONDERFUL WAPENTAKE. By "A Son of the Soil" (J. S. Fletcher). Illustrated by J. Ayton Symington. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.00.

The sketches and stories of English rural life and manners in the "wonderful and beloved Wapentake of Osgoldcross," which are comprised in this volume, have truly been written by "A Son of the Soil." Here we have Nature in that state of rejuvenation and primitive wonder which it is ever the privilege of the seer to unfold. The man who has nothing in common with Nature, who does not understand her subtle moods and deep spirit, may not come to the very heart of these sketches, but there is much quaint humour and quiet pathos in these pages which will give endless delight to an appreciative reader. It is a book to be set side by side with Wordsworth, Thoreau's *Walden*, White's *Selborne*, and Richard Jeffries—a book in

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which is stored the rich harvest of a quiet eye. It is beautifully printed on deckel-edged paper, and exquisitely illustrated in sympathy with the text.

THE ARMENIAN CRISIS AND THE RULE OF THE TURK. By Frederick Davis Greene, M.A., for several years a resident in Armenia. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

It is most earnestly to be desired that this account of the Armenian crisis be widely read. The facts related in a bare statistical form are terrible. Nothing so infernal has been done in our time. For the Indian Mutiny there was some kind of apology. A race exasperated by what it considered oppression might be forgiven some enormities. In Armenia Mohammedanism and the Turk have once for all branded themselves in the eyes of civilised peoples as intolerable. This is the fruit of a religion which some Christian writers have commended as superior to Christianity for the civilising of savage races; and this is the rule which long since would have been swept out of Europe but for the jealous suspicions of the great powers. If such atrocities are to be permitted in countries which may be said to be under the protection of the Occident, we must blush for our feebleness and apathy.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

A work which had a ready sale at the time of its publication, and which has long been out of print, has been resuscitated by Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company, and put forth in its eighth edition. Considering that Mr. Knowles compiled and arranged *The Legends of King Arthur and his Knights* ($1.50) thirty-five years ago, and that Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* were written since then, it is easy to account for its popularity, for many desirous of perusing the Arthurian legends themselves must have found this pleasanter and easier reading than Malory. While literary lovers and critics will continue to prefer the latter, with all its archaisms, there is a large class to whom Mr. Knowles's version will more directly appeal. Mr. Knowles has preserved the simplicity of the original in his rendering of Malory, and has added to his abridgment of Sir Thomas some accounts from Geoffrey of Monmouth and others, arranging the various legends and tales into a more or less consecutive story.

Patriots' Day, Lexington and Concord, given to the public by would-be patriotic publishers (Lee and Shepard) and written in part by George J. Varney, was issued as a sort of monument to the action of the Massachusetts Legislature in establishing Patriots' Day, to be celebrated on April 19th of each year. As the proclamation fixing the holiday declared, April 19th played an important part in the history of the Republic. On that day the war of the Revolution was begun at Lexington and Concord, and on that day the war closed. The first blood shed in the Civil War was on April 19th. Mr. Varney tells the story of the minute-men and Lexington and Concord in an interesting way, and there are given recitals of persons who claimed to have conversed with men who witnessed the momentous events in the Bay State. At the end of the volume are several poems inspired by the significance of the skirmishes of the minute-men.

The last addition to the Splendid Lives Series, issued by Thomas Whittaker, *John Horden, Missionary Bishop*, by A. R. Buckland, M.A., contains an account of the experiences of a heroic missionary on the shores of Hudson's Bay. The adventures of Bishop Horden in his trying work are succinctly told by Mr. Buckland. Interest in the narrative is increased by the insertion of extracts from the diary and letters of the subject of the sketch. His life was one of the pure and unselfish kind so frequently met with among the missionaries. The descriptions of the scenes of the Bishop of Moosonee's labours and the recital of his experiences form a volume of more than ordinary value.

Florists, fruit growers, and truck gardeners will find in Mr. Bailey's *Horticulturist's Year Book*, published by Macmillan and Company, a mine of practical suggestions. In addition to helps in all departments of their work of planting, cultivating, and reaping, the author has gathered together the latest methods and means of making successful war upon all manner of injurious insects. The groupings of the various subjects embraced in the volume are made with an eye to the practically helpful. The work as a whole is commendable.

The Messrs. Putnam's Sons are issuing a series of little paper-covered pam-

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phlets, for which they charge five cents each, descriptive of the visits paid by Mr. Elbert Hubbard to the homes of various distinguished persons. Mr. Hubbard writes in a bright and rather entertaining way, but with not too much knowledge, of the various celebrities whose houses he has visited; and the little narratives will serve to interest those who are not critical or particularly well informed.——Mr. Charles Lowe, with his usual journalistic instinct for gratifying the popular taste, has prepared a small volume of 245 pages, which he calls the *Life of Prince Bismarck*, and which is published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. It is in part a condensation of his larger work in two volumes, but is revised and furnished with new material taken principally from the recent book of Blum. The narrative is brought down to the present time, and is extremely readable. A late portrait of Prince Bismarck is given as a frontispiece. The price of the book is $1.25.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company send us a volume of *Selected Essays of James Darmesteter*, the well-known French Oriental scholar recently deceased. The book is translated by Helen B. Jastrow from the French, and contains a short introduction by Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. The essays cover a wide range, though they are all related in subject to Professor Darmesteter's specialty. Most interesting to the general reader are the papers on Ernest Renan, on Afghan life as seen in the Afghan songs, which brings to mind some of Rudyard Kipling's narratives, and the very brief yet suggestive essay on the religion of the future. The price of the volume, which contains a portrait of the author, is $1.50. ——The Fleming H. Revell Company, of New York, publish a sketch of the various organisations which have recently sprung up in so many American towns and cities with the avowed object of securing municipal reform. The title of the book is *Municipal Reform Movements*, and Dr. Parkhurst has written for it an introductory chapter. (Price, $1.00.)——The same firm publishes *Madagascar of To-day*, by the Rev. W. E. Cousins, a book that is timely because of the conquest of the island now attempted by the French. Several illustrations and portraits are given. The book is somewhat too much devoted to missionary matters to interest the general reader. (Price, $1.00.)

A delightful volume is Mr. Walter Cranston Larned's *Churches and Castles of Mediæval France*, published by the Scribners. The author describes the book as "a record of a traveller's impressions of the great monuments of France." It is not historical and statistical, but tells of the beautiful cathedrals and castles as they appeared to the writer himself, and will surely give the reader something of the enthusiasm and delight that Mr. Larned himself felt when he first came upon them. We call our readers' attention especially to the chapter on Aigues Mortes, a place too little known and so well worth the knowing, because it is so truly mediæval —the real thing, with all the squalor and unwholesomeness side by side with the undoubtedly picturesque. Twenty-four full-page illustrations from photographs add greatly to the interest of the book, which is sold for the surprisingly low price of $1.50.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in his preface to the new edition of *Far from the Madding Crowd* (Harper and Brothers, $1.50), speaks of the stationariness necessary for the development of character and individuality in rustic populations. That condition has now disappeared, taking with it most of the eccentricities and the entertaining humours which he has made familiar to us in his Wessex peasants. The passage in the preface in which he refers to this change reminds one of a very interesting article Mr. Hardy contributed to *Longman's Magazine* some ten years ago on "The Dorset Labourer," where he treated the peasants less pictorially than in his fiction, but with great sympathy for their hardships, and with an intimate knowledge of both the past and present of his native county. This edition contains a fine etching of the old church at Weatherbury (about the only ancient landmark remaining), and a map of Wessex. *The Mayor of Casterbridge: a Story of a Man of Character*, uniform with the former, also contains a frontispiece etching, and has been carefully revised with additions and excisions for this final edition. The story is one of the strongest of Mr. Hardy's Wessex tales, and is particularly a study of one man's deeds and character, which give the story all

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the dignity and stormy force of a Nemesis-crowned drama. For those who have a mind to identify Mr. Hardy's localities, and to study the distinctive features of his work, no better companion to these volumes could be had than Miss Annie Macdonell's carefully written little handbook, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, in their Contemporary Writers Series, at one dollar.

We welcome the popular edition of *The Narratives of Captain Coignet*, which the Messrs. Crowell have issued of this hitherto rather expensive work. Of course it falls into line with the Napoleonic literature so much in vogue at the present time, but it must not be merged with the mass of mediocre stuff which is fated to pass with the fashion of the hour. It is a work of high merit; and that romance has mingled with the simple and evidently sincere record of the private soldier only augments the interest of the narrative. The book purports to be an autobiographical account of one of Napoleon's body-guard, and extends over the years 1776–1850. The pages are garnished throughout with numerous fine illustrations; the price is $1.50.

Wayside and Woodland Blossoms was received too late for insertion in our review last month on the Familiar Flowers, but we gladly introduce this little "Pocket Guide to British Wildflowers," which are for the most part our wildflowers too; for the country rambler will find in it something to supplement the handbooks already noticed. It contains coloured figures of 156 species and black and white plates of 22 species. There are clear, succinct descriptions of some 400 species which are written by one who has in mind the exigencies of the rambler, and whose efforts are laudably engaged in popularising one of the most delightful branches of human knowledge. Messrs. Frederick Warne and Company, who are the publishers, have just issued a second edition of this book, the first having been exhausted within a few days after its appearance. The price is $2.50.

"The Romances and Narratives of Daniel Defoe" appear with commendable regularity; the sixth volume just out comprising *The Life, Adventures and Piracies of the Famous Captain Singleton* (Macmillan, $1.00). Much was done to revive the popularity of Captain Singleton's admirable narrative by its reissue in the Camelot Classics, and in these days, when unusual interest is taken in Africa, it ought to meet with a large audience of readers. Mr. Yeats's illustrations are exceedingly clever and happy in representing Defoe's spirit in this volume; "Kept a little shop in the Minories" is especially fine.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Ginn and Company have lately issued two very interesting books, relating, one to French and the other to English literature. Professor Kuhns, of the Wesleyan University, edits *A Selection from the Poetry and Comedies of Alfred de Musset* with much discretion and skill, choosing the most characteristic of the poems, and from the comedies *A Quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Filles*, *On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour*, and *Un Caprice*. An excellent introduction gives the facts of Musset's remarkable life and a temperate criticism of his work. A bibliography supplements the introduction; and there are 45 pages of notes, almost wholly of a literary and historical character. On page 245 the expression *robins* should have been further illustrated by a reference to the English "John Doe and Richard Roe" and the Latin "Titius et Seius;" and do not the Germans say "Hunz und Kunz" rather than "Heinz"?——The other book is that by Professor Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has selected and edited a number of rare poems in *A Book of Elizabethan Lyrics* for the Athenæum Press Series. "Every collection of poetry must be made on a plan primarily subjective," says the editor very truly; and it is seldom indeed that so much taste, scholarship, and literary discrimination are united and made manifest in the work of any editor. The introduction, which deals largely with the nature and artistic quality of Elizabethan lyric poetry,

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is a most valuable compression of much thought and research, and the notes are most interesting reading, giving as they do a wealth of illustration drawn from various sources. As to the lyrics themselves, an editor is to be thanked who makes accessible so many exquisite lines, throbbing with intense vitality and showing all the artistic perfection of the Golden Age of English literature.

The fourth of the five geographic monographs issued monthly by the American Book Company has just appeared—*Present and Extinct Lakes of Nevada*, by Israel C. Russell. These monographs are prepared under the direction of the National Geographical Society, and are sold at 20 cents each, or are sent for the sum of $1.50 a year. They are beautifully printed in large, clear type, and are of a high degree of scientific accuracy and interest. The first number was *Physiographic Processes*, by J. W. Powell, of the United States Geological Survey; the second, *Physiographic Features*, by the same writer; and the third, *Physiographic Regions* of the United States, also by Mr. Powell. To teachers of physical geography, these monographs are all but indispensable.

The American Book Company is announcing some excellent text-books in the modern languages. Among them are to be especially noticed *The First Year in French*, by L. C. Syms, a beginner's book based upon the study of the verb, with copious exercises in translation; *Zwanzig Bilder aus der deutschen Litteratur*, by Professor I. Keller, of the Normal College, New York City, a valuable introduction to the literary masterpieces of Germany, marked by a judicious omission of non-essentials; and a series of German texts ("The Germania Texts"), reprinted from the *Germania Magazine*, and edited by Dr. A. D. Spanhoofd. Of these, one will be published each month and sold at the uniform price of ten cents. The first number contains the text of Bürger's *Lenore*, Kluge's life of Bürger, and Ehrich Schmidt's famous critique on *Lenore*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

In January, 1846, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, or, more correctly, Charlotte Brontë, acting as supposed agent for "Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," entered into a correspondence with Messrs. Aylott and Jones, 8 Paternoster Row, London, which resulted in an arrangement to publish a book of poems—a small duodecimo volume, printed in long primer, of 165 pages. They agreed to pay Messrs. Aylott and Jones the cost of publishing, which came to £31 10*s*., Miss Brontë writing on February 21st, 1846, that she would remit them that amount in a few days. The little volume of poems was published about the end of May, 1846. Previous to approaching Messrs. Aylott and Jones, Miss Brontë had ventured to apply to the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, from whom she received "a brief and business-like, but civil and sensible reply, on which we acted, and at last made way."

❀

"The bringing out of our little book was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we nor our poems were at all wanted." The *Poems* met with a very poor reception, and it is doubtful if more than a dozen copies were sold. Charlotte Brontë thus speaks of the failure of the modest hopes vested in this publication: "The book was printed; it is scarcely known, and all of it that merits to be known are the poems of Ellis Bell. The fixed conviction I held, and hold, of the worth of these poems has not, indeed, received the confirmation of much favourable criticism; but I must retain it notwithstanding." This conviction she had earlier expressed to the effect that the verses in manuscript belonging to Emily which she had accidentally discovered in the autumn of 1845 "were not common effusions, nor at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy, and elevating."

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In 1848, when the success of *Jane Eyre* had made Charlotte famous, Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company took over the remainder of the sheets and bound

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copies of the *Poems*, and inserted a new title, dating it 1846, in place of the old one. There have been two copies sold this year *as first editions with this title* containing the imprint of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company. The following is a reduced fac-simile of the title-page which the first edition of these *Poems* should bear :

POEMS

BY

CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL.

LONDON:
AYLOTT AND JONES, 8, PATERNOSTER-ROW

1846.

In pursuance of our remarks in the News Notes of our last number concerning the curious anachronisms made by reviewers in presenting the publications of English authors in America to the public, we have prepared a chronological list of works published in book form as they appeared in England by well-known authors whose work has been exposed by nonconformity with copyright conditions to "pirated" editions.

DR. A. CONAN DOYLE.

The Mystery of Cloomber.....1888
A Study in Scarlet.....1888
Micah Clarke.....1889
Captain of the "Polestar".....1890
The Sign of Four.....1890
Mysteries and Adventures.....1890
The Firm of Girdlestone.....1890
The White Company.....1891
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.....1892
Doings of Raffles Haw.....1892
The Great Shadow.....1892
Gully of Bluemansdyke.....1892
Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.....1893
The Refugees.....1893
An Actor's Duel, and The Winning Shot.....1894
The Parasite.....1894
The Slapping Sal.....1894
Round the Red Lamp.....1894

HALL CAINE.

Cobwebs of Criticism.....1884
The Shadow of a Crime.....1885
A Son of Hagar.....1886
The Deemster.....1887
The Bondman.....1890
The Scapegoat.....1891
The Little Manx Nation.....1891
Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon.....1892
Little Man Island.....1894
The Manxman.....1894

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

The House of the Wolf.....1890
The New Rector.....1891
The Story of Francis Cludde.....1891
A Gentleman of France.....1894
The Man in Black.....1894
My Lady Rotha.....1894
Under the Red Robe.....1894

ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS.

A Man of Mark.....1890
Father Stafford.....1891
Mr. Witt's Widow.....1892
A Change of Air.....1893
Sport Royal.....1893
Vyvyans.....1893
The Dolly Dialogues.....1894
Half a Hero.....1894
The Prisoner of Zenda.....1894
The God in the Car.....1894
The Indiscretion of the Duchess.....1894
Secret of Wardale Court.....1894

J. M. BARRIE.

Better Dead.....1887
Auld Licht Idylls.....1888
When A Man's Single.....1888
An Edinburgh Eleven.....1888
A Window in Thrums.....1889
My Lady Nicotine.....1890
The Little Minister.....1891

S. R. CROCKETT.

The Stickit Minister, and Some Common Men, 1893
The Raiders.....1894
Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills.....1894
The Lilac Sunbonnet.....1894
The Play-Actress.....1894
Bog-Myrtle and Peat.....1895

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THE BOOK MART.

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER.

New York, July 1, 1895.

At this time of the year paper-bound books take a leading place in the booksellers' sales. Many exceedingly cheap editions in this style find their way for the most part to the news-stands and bargain counters. The trade confine themselves mostly to the better class of books retailing at fifty cents. The season opened with good promise of exceptional activity in this line, but the sales of the last month have not fulfilled these expectations. *Marcella*, after starting well, declined in sale, and the other volumes of the same series are having but small demand. Appleton's Town and Country Library is not going so well as usual at this season, and even Gunter's books have not met with their customary popularity. Of the new leading paper books may be mentioned Anna Katharine Green's detective story, *Doctor Izard*, and Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Ladies' Juggernaut*. The older ones still selling well are, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, Kidd's *Social Evolution*, *Chimmie Fadden*, and *The Mystery of Cloomber*.

The continued sale of Henry Holt and Company's Buckram Series is remarkable. *The Prisoner of Zenda* easily leads, but many of the other titles are having a good sale. It seems likely that these seventy-five-cent bound books are to some extent affecting the sale of paper books, as well as the more expensive cloth ones.

Supplying summer schools and religious conventions with books is a comparatively new feature of the summer trade, and one which has a steadily increasing outlook. Seasonable works on outdoor sports—birds, flowers, and summer travelling—are still selling very well, also Mrs. Rorer's little books, *Hot Weather Dishes* and *Canning and Preserving*.

The publications of the month have been more numerous than usual at this time of year, fiction in number and popularity exceeding all other subjects combined. Under this heading comes *An Errant Wooing*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, very fully illustrated; *The Master-Knot* and "*Another Story*," by Conover Duff, and *The Wild Ass's Skin*, the first volume of the Messrs. Macmillan's new edition of Balzac. In other departments, *Wild Flowers of New England States*, by Miller and Whiting; *History of the United States*, Vol. III., by J. F. Rhodes; *Our Western Archipelago*, by Henry M. Field, and *McClure's Life of Napoleon*, by Ida M. Tarbell, take first rank.

Business during the month has been steady, no special decrease or increase being noticeable. The general opinion, however, is that trade is somewhat duller than in previous years. The reports of early sales in the West are good, and there is a growing impression that the autumn business will be large.

The popular books of the month were:

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Adventures of Captain Horn. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Chimmie Fadden, Major Max, and other Stories. By E. W. Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. William Starr Dana. Revised edition, net, $1.75.

Doctor Izard. By Mrs. Anna Katharine Green. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.

Cycling for Health and Pleasure. By L. H. Porter. $1.00.

The Ladies' Juggernaut. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

The Foundations of Belief. By A. J. Balfour. $2.00.

Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50.

Heart of the World. By H. Rider Haggard. $1.25.

Princeton Stories. By J. L. Williams. $1.00.

Birdcraft. By M. O. Wright, net. $3.00.

The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

Chicago, July 1, 1895.

The past month's business has been steady, and for June, always a slow month, very satisfactory. The public libraries of the West are still calling for books, and many orders have been received from that section. Supplies for the smaller concerns call mostly for fiction, but those for the larger cities embraced, in addition to fiction, much heavy reading. Country trade was also fairly active, and absorbed unusually large quantities of new and popular books. In fact, considering the season, the demand for the best recent books has been remarkable.

The best selling new book is Mr. Stockton's *Adventures of Captain Horn*. It was published quite late in May, and hung fire somewhat during the first week of its appearance; but the reviewers took it up at the beginning of the month, and the sales have increased daily. The next best book is *An Errant Wooing*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. As each successive work of Mrs. Harrison usually sells better than its predecessor, we may look for large returns from this book; but it will have to do marvellously well if it is to outsell *A Bachelor Maid*, which is still very popular. The only other June books which have met with sales worth noticing are *In the Fire of the Forge*, by Georg Ebers; *Chimmie Fadden*, second series, which, however, has not yet met with anything like the favour that was and is accorded to the first, and A. C. Gunter's *The Ladies' Juggernaut*.

Of other recent but older books, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* is still a difficult book to keep in stock, and Fuller's *With the Procession* and Zangwill's *The Master* are still in demand. *The Manxman* also maintains its remarkable run, and Nordau's *Degeneration* is still selling steadily.

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There is quite a steady call, which is growing all the time, for books on what is called "Mental Healing," as distinguished from "Hypnotic Suggestion." There are quite a number of works upon this subject, of varying merit, but the one most in demand at present is Henry Wood's *Ideal Suggestion*.

Among recent successful books must be placed *The World Beautiful*, by Lilian Whiting. Since its publication this little book has sold remarkably well, and the demand is still vigorous, showing no sign of abatement.

The following books, which sold best during the month, it will be noticed, are almost exclusively works of fiction. The demand for books on the currency question is still very pronounced, and there is also a good call for books on birds and flowers.

Trilby. By George Du Maurier. $1.75.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Adventures of Captain Horn. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.
The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50.
An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. $1.50.
In the Fire of the Forge. By Georg Ebers. 2 vols. Cloth, $1.50; paper, 80 cts.
The Ladies' Juggernaut. By A. C. Gunter. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.
The Princess Aline. By R. H. Davis. $1.25.
With the Procession. By Henry B. Fuller. $1.25.
The Master By I. Zangwill. $1.75.
A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.
Two Women and a Fool. By H. C. Taylor. $1.50.
The World Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting. $1.00 and $1.25.
The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. $1.00.
Bog Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.
Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50.

ENGLISH NOTES.

LONDON, May 20 to June 22, 1895.

At the quiet time of an exceptionally quiet year it may readily be understood that business is without much feature. There has been little to vary the current of the slack time, and at this moment it is sincerely to be hoped that the lowest point has at length been reached. Colonial trade has been fairly maintained, with a temporary improvement in the Indian market, but foreign orders have been about as usual. The appearance of the one-volume edition of *Trilby* infused a little life into matters. Few 6s. issues have been so freely taken up on publication, and the sale is well maintained.

Two publications upon Alpine Climbing—*The Alps from End to End* and *My Climbs in the Alps*—have been favourably received by mountaineers, books of this class always finding a ready, although not large, sale.

That South Africa still engages much attention is evident from the demand for books bearing upon this part of the world. The account of *Seventeen Trips to Somaliland* is eagerly looked for.

The literature of the New Woman appears to have run its race. It is only within the province of this report to state the fact. Critics can, no doubt, enlarge upon it.

Photography must find a multitude of disciples, as scarcely a week passes without the appearance of a treatise or handbook bearing upon one of its branches. The illustrations of this class of work are superb, noticeably those in the *Photographer's Annual*, which can be regarded as simply perfect.

Mr. Hall Caine's address to the newsvendors has been freely criticised by the trade. Let it suffice here to remark that in estimating the profits of publishers, assuming his figures to be correct (which they were *not*), he loses sight of the important fact that everything turns upon the entire edition being sold. A remainder of a few hundreds only would considerably alter the figures.

Guide Books, new or new editions, pour in daily. One cannot but wonder by whom they are all used. Does the traveller make the same journey annually and buy a new guide each time? Murray, Baedeker, and Black are the favourites. Local guides are sold, principally, upon the spot.

The number of new books and new editions issued every week is greater than last month, and yet little trade is being done.

Appended is a list of the principal works now in demand. It will be noticed that, notwithstanding the summer heat, the public taste is not limited to light literature.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Celibates. By G. Moore. 6s.
Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Master (The). By I. Zangwill. 6s.
Zoraida. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
The Gods, Some Mortals, etc. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. 3s. 6d.
Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6s. net.
Peg the Rake. By Rita. 3s. 6d.
English Seamen in Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Froude. 6s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. net.
Wellington. By Lord Roberts. 3s. 6d.
A Vagabond in Spain. By C. B. Luffman. 6s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between June 1 and July 1, 1895.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
4. Chimmie Fadden, second series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)
6. An Errant Wooing. By Mrs. Harrison. $1.50. (Century Co.)

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NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Birdcraft. By Wright. $3.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Wild Flowers of America. $2.95. Buek & Co.
5. Celibates. By Moore. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Wild Ass's Skin. By Balzac. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Vengeance of James Vansittart. By Mrs. Needell. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
2. Dr. Izard. By Mrs. Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
3. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
4. In the Fire of the Forge. By Ebers. 80 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1.00. (Putnam.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Tryphena in Love. By Raymond. 75 cts. (Macmillan.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Man of Mark By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. De Koven. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Two Strangers. By Mrs. Oliphant. 75 cts. (Fenno.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
3. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Lovell, Coryell.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Vengeance of James Vansittart. By Mrs. Needell. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
3. Heart of the World. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)
4. Suppressed Chapter. By Bridges. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1 00. (Putnams.)
6. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield-Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Forward House. By Case. $1.00. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribners.)
3. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Fidelis. By Cambridge. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. With the Procession. By Fuller. $1.25. (Harper.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. The Hispaniola Plate. By Bloundelle-Burton $1.00. (Cassell Pub. Co.)
4. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribners.)
5. Heart of the World. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. 50 cts. (Appleton.)

HARTFORD, CT.

1. Forward House. By Case. $1.00. (Scribner.)
2. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts. (Macmillan.)
3. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Yale Yarns. By J. S. Wood. $1.00. (Putnam.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Jewel of Ynys Galon. By Rhoscomyl. $1.25. (Longmans.)
4. Kentucky Cardinal. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
5. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
2. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Ministry of the Spirit. By Gordon. $1.00. (Revell.)

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3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Sawdust Doll. By Mrs. De Koven. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
5. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)
6. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. On the Cars and Off. By Sladen. $4.00. (Ward, Lock.)
3. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
4. The Great Dominion. By Parkin, M.A. 90 cts. (Macmillan.)
5. Queen of Love. By Gould. Paper, 65 cts.; cloth, $1.00. (Methuen.)
6. Love and Quiet Life. By Raymond. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW HAVEN, CT.

1. Yale Yarns. By Wood. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Vengeance of James Vansittart. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America. By Chapman. $3.00. (Appleton.)
5. Errant Wooing. By Mrs. B. Harrison. $1.50. (Century.)
6. Master and Man. By Tolstoy. 75 cts. (Appleton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. In the Fire of the Forge. By Ebers. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Woman Who Did. By Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
6. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Princeton Stories. By Williams. $1.00. (Scribner.)
3. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. In the Fire of the Forge. By Ebers. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Memoirs of Barras. By Duruy. $7.50. (Harper.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. History of U. S., Vol. III. By Rhodes. (Harper.)
3. Lotos-Time in Japan. By Finck. $1.75. (Scribner.)
4. Memoirs of Barras. By Duruy. $7.50. (Harper.)
5. Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. By Matthews. $1.75. (Appleton.)
6. Celia Thaxter's Letters. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

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1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Chimmie Fadden, Second Series. By Townsend. Paper, 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
5. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Alaska. By Bruce. 75 cts. Lowman & Hanford.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribners.)
2. Woman Who Did. By Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
3. Cycling for Health and Pleasure. By Porter. $1.00. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Children of the Soil. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
6. Lotos-Time in Japan. By Finck. $1.75. (Scribner.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Social Evolution. By Kidd. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Master. By Zangwill. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)

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1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
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1. Memoirs of Barras. By Duruy. $7.50. (Harper.)
2. Heart of the World. By Haggard. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. The Woman Who Did. By Allen. $1.00. (Roberts.)
5. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Pub. Co.)
3. Adventures of Capt. Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. How to Know the Wild Flowers. By Mrs. Dana. $2.00. (Scribner.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Letters of Celia Thaxter. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

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BANKS, L. A.—Christ and His Friends: a Series of Revival Sermons. 8vo, pp. v–382, $1.50 Funk & W.

WEIDEMANN, A.—The Ancient Egyptian Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul. 12mo, pp. viii–71, $1.00.....Putnam

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TOWNSEND, MARY A.—Distaff and Spindle: Sonnets. 12mo, pp. viii–339, $1.75.... Crowell

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